
Licenced,

Novemb. 27. 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.

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THE
Humorous Lovers.
A
COMEDY.

Acted by HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS'S
SERVANTS.

Written by
His Grace the DUKE of Newcastle.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. M. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of
the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower-Walk of the
New-Exchange, 1677.

Personæ Dramatis.

Courtly,	{ A Gentleman in Love with Emilia.
Boldman,	{ A Colonel, friend to Courtly, a despiser of Love.
Emilia,	{ A Gentlewoman in love with Courtly.
The Lady Pleasant,	{ A Widow, Cousin to Emilia, in love at first sight with the Colonel.
Master Furrs,	{ An old Gentleman very fearful of catching cold.
Sir Anthony Akalk,	{ A young pert Fellow pretender to Poetry.
Mistris Hood,	{ An old School-mistress, and a match maker.
Mistris Dameris,	{ A young Countrey Gentlewoman, Master Furrs his Bastard.
Mistris Tatle,	Woman to Emilia.
James,	Servant to Furrs.
Two Women,	Players.
Footmen, and other Servants.	

THE

(1)

THE

Humorous Lovers.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Covent Garden.*

Enter Courtly and Boldman at several doors.

Boldman.

HOW? in the Melancholy Garb, thy Father is not dead, thou wou'dst be glad of that, for the Land of Promise, an Heir is in the solitary Desert, and wilderness of wants till then; nor thy Mother, that wou'd save a Joynture; nor thy Sisters, nor Brothers, that would save portions; what's the cause?

Courtly. Prithee let me alone.

Bold. What, you have got a Clap again; I alwayes carry a Box of prevention Pills of *Rhubarb, Cassia and Turpentine*, Medicine for thy Body, I have none for thy Soul; but thou hast I see, thou do'st repent.

Court. Prithee forbear.

Bold. Then thou wer't only drunk last night, and art a little sick this morning; take small Beer, Milk or thin Broth to settle thy brains, and Fast though thou can'st not Pray.

Court. 'Tis none of these that troubles me.

Bold. Nay, then I know what it is; thou hast sat up all night at Play, and lost thy ready money, and now art drowsie and pensive.

Court. I wou'd it were no worse.

Bold. Why, thou couldest not lose more than thou had'st, none wou'd go o'the sick with thee.

B

Court.

(2)

Court. Oh ! Colonel, I am wounded.

Bold. 'Sheart I'll go for a Chirurgeon.

Court. There's none can cure me:

Bold. Is it mortal? let me see it.

Court. You cannot, it is not to be seen.

Bold. This is your leaping, and your running, you have broken a vein within you.

Court. Oh ! 'tis a thousand times more dangerous, the Lady Emilia she has wounded me.

Bold. Is she a fixen? will she scratch and bite? an Amazonian Dame?

Court. No, 'tis her beauty, that same subtle part
Which mortals cannot shun, has pierc'd my heart.

Bold. Faith I could never meet with such a piercing beauty yet, and yet I love the Sex well.

SINGS.

I.

*I love the fat, I love the fair,
The lean, that's nimble, full of air ;
I love the foul, I love the brown,
Both when they smile, and when they frown.*

II.

*I love the black, I love the red
Upon a Couch, or on a Bed :
She that is dull, and will not stir,
The active Wench too, I love her.*

III.

*I love the frolick, the precise,
The reverend Lady, that is wise ;
The Wife, the Maid, the Widow too,
All that is Woman, and will Do.*

Court. How strangely you prophane the name of Love !

Bold. Why? Is there any such thing as Love in earnest?

Courtly

Court. The very Beasts instruct thee; do they not woove, and chuse their Mates?

Bold. Well, there may be such an evil then, but I have still been so wise to prevent it.

Court. How cou'dst thou do it?

Bold. Why? as I wou'd do thirst, by drinking before I am a dry.

Court. How extravagantly you talk, you never sure heard of Love.

Bold. Yes faith, I had a Kinsman was once in Love, and he told me a thousand ridiculous stories of it, and repeated Verses, very fine ambling Verses, that went to the tune of Love and no Sence; and then I sung,

*John Dory bought him an ambling Nagg,
To Paris for to ride a———*

And he was stark mad at me.

Court. He had reason.

Bold. As little as ever I found in any Man; Love had done him that courtesie, 'tis such a sickly whining, and unmanly humour; a Man is good for nothing while he has the fit upon him, can do nothing, or think of any thing but her, and her, and only her.

Court. He is happy in that.

Bold. As happy as the Deer, that loses the pleasure of the spacious Forest to be impal'd within some private Park.

Court. He is sufficiently rewarded, for the loss of that same brutish liberty when he enjoys his Mistress, and has the freedom Love do's then allow.

Bold. Still worse, and worse; I fear the wedlock Ring more than the Bear do's the Ring in his Nose: Oh! the torment to be tied to the stake of Matrimony, and to be baited all the dayes of a Mans life by a Wife.

Court. Oh! the pleasure of posterity to live hereafter in our hopeful Issue.

Bold. Faith I have a very hopeful Progeny some where; my Wife lies in, for the most part in some stately Cage, and hath Lady Beggars to visit her, and the whole Parish is so kind, I thank them, to take care of our Offspring, and pre-

fer them to Charitable Hospitals, where they triumph with their Blew Coats and Horn Books.

Court. You are a very provident and indulgent Father.

Bold. Faith so I am, all things considered, I was at the charge of half a Crown to get the Varlets, and that's something as Rents go now adayes.

Court. I have too long delaid my happines, farewell.

Bold. It were pretty sport to go, and see thee fool away an hour or two.

Court. I know you dare not.

Bold. 'Tis not good to tempt providence; we shou'd not run into unnecessary dangers.

Court. I thought you had been more confident of your constitution.

Bold. Faith, I am flesh and blood, I carry the circumstances about me, a heart and members very apt to rebel, but I hope I shall have the grace to continue stedfast.

Court. You will be a welcome Man, they are acquainted with your humour, and have a great desire to see you, there is a brisk Widow, the *Lady Pleasant*, who will be ready to employ you, while I shall be engaged elsewhere.

Bold. I have heard of this brave Widow, she is witty, beautiful and cruel, they say, ingredients, which make up a very impertinent Lady; but since I have said it, I will be thy Second in this Rancounter, and behave my self like a Man of Honour.

Enter Sir Anthony Altalk.

Al. Colonel, your humble Servant.

Bold. Your Servant Sir.

Al. 'Tis like to prove a very pleasant evening, the Plays are old and empty, the Company will be in the Park anon.

Bold. It may be so, Sir.

Al. I have sat out one tedious Act in hope of seeing my Mistress.

Bold. You are a deserving Gallant, Sir.

Al. Faith, she is very pretty, do not you think so?

Bold.

Bold. I know her not, Sir.

Al. The Princess *Panthea* in the King and no King, she is married to day by Proxie to the Prince *Arbaces*.

Bold. What! another acts her part.

Al. You understand it well Sir, who is that goes yonder, *Tom Brutish*?

[He goes at a little distance, and looks as if he observed some body passing by.]

Court. Prithee, what Airy Coxcomb's this? he prates, and combs his Perriwig so briskly.

Bold. I have seen him, but I know not well where.

Court. 'Tis as pretty a fashionable Fool, as a man shall see in a Summers day.

Al. Oh! my head Colonel, when shall I be able to sin without repentance? we were at it again last night Beer-glasses, till two a clock in the morning; it was a shrowd bout we had at the *Fleece* Colonel.

Bold. When? I beseech you, Sir.

Al. Have you forgotten me? when I had the honour to be made acquainted with you by Master *Snarle* and Master *Brutish*, a constant and very good Guest to that house, Sir.

Bold. Sir *Anthony Altalk*.

Al. The very same, Sir; I danced a Jig while *Tom Brutish* whistled, and play'd upon the head of a pint pot, for your better remembrance, Sir.

Bold. I blame my memory, Sir, and beg your pardon.

Al. I had e'ne like to have been drawn in again to day by *Jack Whistle*, and *Nick Scoundrel*, very honest but debauch'd Fellows, they are at it pell mell, at a new Foundation in *Bloomsbury*.

Court. Prithee shake off this Cater-piller, and let us be going.

Al. You are Gentlemen of more virtuous inclinations, I know you visit the Ladies, take the air, &c. a man of a tender conscience may trust himself among you: 'tis too early for the Park yet, how shall we lose an hour or two?

Bold. We have some business at present, that will unluckily hinder us of your good company.

Al. It

Al. It is not of consequence?

Court. Of very great consequence, Sir.

Al. It cannot hold you long?

Court. All this Afternoon, Sir.

Al. Which way do's it lead you?

Court. Which way have you a mind to go, Sir?

Al. Nay, faith, I am very indifferent.

Court. How the Devil shall we be rid of him?

Bold. Sir *Anthony*, your very humble Servant; this Gentleman and I must walk a turn or two; and privately discourse our business.

Al. I am an idle man, Colonel, and can wait your leisure.

[*Walks at a distance shaking his Ribands, and combing his Perruwig.*]

Court. Did'st thou never see him but once, say'st thou?

Bold. Never but that once, at the *Fleece*, in the company of *Snarle* and *Brutish*, where he danced the Jig he spoke of, and tir'd us with the repetition of Copies of Verses, which he had made upon sundry occasions; there was one I remember as long as a Taylors Bill, a most dolefull Elegy, upon the withering of his Mistris's Nosegay.

Court. I wonder at his impudence!

Bold. 'Tis his nature to be acquainted with all men, and in love with all women at first sight,

Court. *Snarle* and *Brutish* knew how to manage him.

Bold. He is only tolerable among such as have designs upon him, *Brutish* swore if they could but break him of this damn'd humour of affecting such a general acquaintance, they knew his Estate, and his understanding so well, they would not let him at 400*l.* a year *communibus annis.*

Court. They are as jealous of a bubble, as a Man is of his Mistris.

Bold. They have reason, he is their Mistris, and cheating is their pleasure.

[*Sir Anthony steps out.*]

Court. See, he is busie with the Fruit-Women.

Bold. Cheapning small Nuts or Pipins.

Court. Now is our time, let us away.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter*

Enter Sir Anthony again.

Al. What, they are gone ; why ? what the Devil is in me, or what the Devil have I done that men shou'd shun my company thus ? I am well enough served, I must change my Lodging from *Fleet-street* into *Covent Garden*, despise my old acquaintance the Guests, nay, for their constancy I may almost say, the inhabitants of the Cock, and *China* Alehouse, where my Wit was admired, and my person cherished, to associate my self with the Wits and Braves of *Covent Garden* ; happy was he then that had my countenance, that cou'd have the reputation to sit next me at a Play, or have the honour to club with me for a Hackney to the Park ; here I am glad if I can hire men to keep me company, I pay reckonings for this man, and pass my word for a debt for that man ; Nay, those Sons of Honour and Disorder, *snarle* and *Brutish* have often refused to hear me repeat my Verses, without I would agree to be cheated at Dice afterwards : Oh the iniquity, the iniquity of this place.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Dying Room.*

Enter Emilia and Tatle her Woman.

Emilia. Tatle.

Tatle. Madam.

Emilia. You have lost your tongue of late, you are grown so wonderous sad and silent.

Tatle. Ah Madam, these Histories will quite undo me, I have such a compassionate Nature, I am so concern'd for the misfortunes of the generous *Constance*.

Emil. Prithee forget thy Romances, and tell me thy Opinion of my Lover.

Tatle. Master *Courtly* poor Mortal, he scarce deserves the name of a Lover.

Emil.

Emil. Compar'd to the Great *Constance* or *Pharamond*, he never conquer'd Kingdoms, nor routed Armies with his single valour.

Tattle. Never so much as broke a Launce to maintain your beauty, he dares not run a Tilt without it be at a waiting Woman, I warrant him; I know not how you have alter'd him, but he was a meer Reprobate, I am sure when I had the honour to belong to my Lady *Stately*, he was a pretender there, but broke off unhandsomly, and said it was with Lovers in this great Town, as with a Pack of Dogs in a Hare-Warren, they change so often it was impossible to drive it home to Matrimony; he call'd his Love a disease, and not a happiness, and often tempted my honour, swearing, my Lady let the distemper grow so strong upon him, he could live no longer without some palliating Medicines. My *Lady Pleasant*, Madam.

Enter Lady Pleasant.

Wid. What! no Master *Courty* yet, indeed he is to blame to let you pass away the time so sadly.

[*Exit Tattle.*

Emil. Some lucky occasion excuses me the trouble he uses to give me.

Wid. And you are as glad to be excused that trouble, as Landlords are (when the Tenants miss their quarter day) to be excused the telling of the money.

Emil. I hate the repetition of the same sad story, I had rather hear a Play in Rime thrice over.

Wid. Nay, I know you hate his Company, as you do a black Ace at Umbre.

Emil. The small encouragement he receives gives you but little reason to believe this.

Wid. We are naturally apt to seem to sleight that which we most esteem; and in love, like little wantons when they play, we give a secret look, and run away to see how earnestly our Lovers will pursue to catch us.

Enter

Enter Tattle.

Tattle to the } *Madam*, *Mistress Hood*, my *Mistress's* old School-
Widow. } *Mistress* is without, and desires to speak with you.

Wid. Bring her in, I hear she is become a Match-maker of late.

[Exit Tattle.

Emil. It is a very reverend Calling, and well becoming her years, but 'tis so bordering upon scandal.

Enter Hood and Tattle.

Wid. The World is too censorious.

Hood. Save you good *Madam*, and you my dear *Mistress*.

Emil. I am glad to see you *Mistress Hood*.

Wid. You have not been so kind this great while.

Hood. It is not for want of due respect, I assure you *Madam*, but I have had so much business——

Wid. How do's your pretty Countrey Scholar, *Mistress Dameris*?

Hood. Perpetually talking of your Ladiship, since she had the honour to see you; she is very towardsly, and apt, both for precept and example.

Wid. Pray bring her along with you the next time you come, I like her company, she makes us merry.

Hood. Your Ladiship loves to be made merry, which made me so bold, to come and wait upon you now, to let you know there is a very wealthy Gentleman, one *Mr. Farris*, that has committed his Estate and Person to my discretion.

Wid. He has done very wisely.

Tattle. I have heard of him, *Madam*, they say he wears such a Turbant of Night-caps, that he is almost as tall as *Grantham* steeple, so many Furs and quilted Garments, that in a siege he might serve to stop a breach, and dead a Cannon bullet.

Wid. Well said *Tattle*.

Tattle. He fell once in love with a Gentlewoman of my acquaintance for wearing a muff a little out of season.

Hood. Indeed *Madam*, he is something old, and of a tender constitution, loves to go warm, he will occasion much laughter,

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if

if your Ladiship pleases to admit him, he has heard me mention your Ladiship, and is very earnest to have the honour to wait upon you.

Emil. Prithee Cousin let us have a sight of this Monster.

Wid. We will, and to make the Scene the pleasanter, I will receive him in my Sables, and fur'd Mantle.

Hood. Most excellent Madam.

Taste. A Dutch Stove would make him a most passionate Lover.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Courtly and another Gentleman are come to wait upon you.

Emil. Well.

Hood. I take my leave of your Ladiships at present.

Wid. Godb'wie, Mistris Hood be sure you bring him.

Emil. Godb'wie Mistris Hood.

Hood. Your Servant Madam, your Servant Madam, I will not fail indeed.

Emil. Let us withdraw a while.

Wid. *You would be thought now wonderful discreet,
To make him wait, you fain would run to meet.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Dying Room.

Enter Courtly and Boldman.

Bold. **L**et us be gon, I had rather have business with a great Man at Court, and no money to recommend me to him, than have any thing to do with these Women; what a tedious time have we waited here!

Court. Have patience man, you have staid as long e're now, before the good old well-meaning Gentlewoman has procur'd Mistris Susan.

Bold. Had'st thou not been idle, and omitted thy daily visits to Doll, and Susan, the Devil had never gained so much power over thee; prithee let us be gone.

Court.

Court. Prithee have a little more patience.

Bold. 'Death, might we fall to it, it were something, but to wait like Serving-men, till we see a dainty Banquet serv'd up, and not to have the freedom of eating, nay, not of tasting; I say let us be gone.

Enter Tattle.

Court. Oh! oh! here comes the first course.

Bold. There is certainly some antipathy in my Nature, I find I shall not be able to brook the company of an honest woman.

Courtly } Well, well, Enemy, you whose fingers every day
to *Tattle* } help to undo me : by Heaven I must have satisfaction Girl.

Tattle. Lord Master *Courtly*, you are so wonderous troublesome.

Court. Lord Mistress *Tattle* you are so wonderous tempting.

Tattle. Nay, pish, what mean you?

Bold. Can you be angry Mistress, when a Gentleman offers you the civility of his body?

Tattle. Such a Gentleman as you, Sir.

Bold. Well, pray Mistress *Pert*, has your Lady new set her Locks, removed her patches, scoured her teeth, and put on a pair of clean white gloves yet? I beseech you inform us.

Tattle. She only stays to consult a little with her Dresser, to give some directions to her Milliner, and then she intends to come her self; in the mean time she thought fit to send me to laugh at you, Sir.

Bold. Who the Devil wou'd have to do with such Cattle? you are a happy man, *Courtly*!

Enter Emilia and the Widow.

Court. Here she comes, look *Boldman*, and be lost as I am, it is as impossible to see her and not to love her, as to approach a raging fire, and be insensible of heat : Death, thou art gazing on the Eastern Wench in the *Arras*.

Court. Your humble Servant, Ladies.

Ladies. Your Servant, Sir.

C 2

Emil.

Emil. What have you brought to shew us here ?

Court. The Colonel we used to talk of.

Emil. He stares, and looks up and down, like a Cat that is carried to a strange house, and newly set out of a basket.

Wid. He thinks we have beset him sure, and is contriving some convenient way to escape us, I will try if the fright has left him wit enough to make a reasonable answer : You look as if you did not like the Company, Sir.

Bold. Indeed, Madam, though I shall scarce believe you another time, I dare swear you have spoke a very great truth now.

Courtly to Emilia. } My darker thoughts are vanished, there is no night where you appear, it is perpetual day with me.

Apollo lights his Taper at your eyes

When you awake, when sleep his bright flame dies.

Bold. What language is this Madam ? the Devil take me if I know what it is.

Wid. It is Lovers language, Sir.

Bold. Do they keep Grammar-Schools to teach it, Madam ? Pray let us hear some more on't.

Emil. Shou'd it be true !

You alwayes lov'd your liberty so well,

Your heart will soon be tempted to rebel.

Court. Princes, when once their Subjects hearts they gain,
Free from Rebellion, may securely Reign.

Emil. But love his Empire never can secure,
since that destroy's it, which shou'd make it sure.

Bold. Very pretty i'faith, it has a touch here and there of English ; I wou'd you cou'd make me understand it, Madam.

Wid. You Soldiers have a rougher dialect.

Bold. It has a milder sound indeed, than Stand, turn to the right, to the left, double your files, present, give fire ; how do you like this, Madam ?

Wid. You see that I do not quake at the dreadful sound, Sir.

Bold. Nay, then since you are so valiant, I will entertain you with a martial story ; shall it be of a siege, or of a pitch'd battle, you shall have your choice, Lady.

Wid.

Wid. Of neither, I beseech you, Sir.

Bold. Nay, faith then you may entertain your self for me.

Wid. Why, put the case Colonel a Lady shou'd love you, what then?

Bold. What then? faith I think I know pretty well, what then, wou'd you would let me see such a Lady, Madam, and she shou'd soon inform you what then.

Wid. And love you so desperately to die for you if you shou'd be cruel, and make no return of kindness to her?

Bold. Before a Lady shall die for me, she shall have turns, and returns, and many a good turn, I assure you; but pray Madam be so kind to show her me, good faith you injure the Lady very much to conceal her.

Wid. Stand behind me, and I will shew her you.

[He looks in a Glass.]

Bold. It is your self Madam.

Wid. Why, say it should be I.

Bold. Nay, faith I will swear it, if you wou'd have me.

Wid. What wou'd you give upon that condition?

Bold. Give! why I wou'd for a season give over wenching upon that condition.

Wid. And drinking too?

Bold. Nay, hold there, all sudden alterations are dangerous; we should give over deadly sins by little and little, for fear of the worst.

Wid. You will have an ill opinion of my freedom now.

Bold. Do you think me such a manner of man?

Wid. Why then 'tis I that love you.

Bold. I faith!

Wid. Truly.

Bold. Nay, prithee swear it heartily.

Wid. I have gone too far already, I fear they have overheard us.

Bold. Let us withdraw, where we may talk with greater freedom, and faith I will believe thee there.

Wid. But I fear you cannot love again.

Bold. I was very lately of the same opinion my self, but I find my mind begins to alter Madam; let me see, love me!

[He studies.]

Conrily

Courtly to? You cannot sure be so unkind; though you can
Emilia. I never love again, believe I love you: Debtors
 that never mean to pay, seldom disown their Creditors, but
 put them off a gentler way.

Emil. Well, since you are so reasonable, I will not swear
 it is impossible: see your friend the Colonel, how serious he
 stands yonder, and my Cousin behind him, laughing at him;
 on my conscience she has converted the Infidel.

Court. How now, so studious!

Bold. Faith I know not, the Lady is a deserving Lady.

Court. Methinks you are a little discomposed, Colonel.

Bold. Thinking, thinking a little; love me, ha, love me.

Court. Ladies we keep you a little too long from taking
 the pleasure of the Evening: we shall meet you in the Mul-
 berry Garden.

Wid. Mark the Colonel.

Bold. Love me! this is like to prove a very lucky visit;
 to himself. She is handsome, and of a very good humour, and
 make me thankful for it, I am of a very good and strong con-
 stitution.

Court. Come Colonel, what's the matter man?

Bold. You shall know hereafter.

Men. Your Servant Ladies.

Ladies. Your Servant Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Men.*]

Wid. laughs. Ha, ha, ha!

Emil. What's the matter Cousin?

Wid. Come in, come in, and I will tell thee, we shall have
 admirable sport in the Mulberry Garden.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Dying Room.

Enter Furies and James.

Furies. My Chair, *James* my Chair, a Pilgrimage, a very
 Pilgrimage.

James. Indeed Sir, it is a tedious journey between the Bed-
 chamber and the Dying room, every yard is a Dutch-mile
 with

with you, but considering your sardle, your bundles of furs and woollen : I cannot blame you.

Furrs. I am mightily distemper'd, such a heat, 'tis my Liver sure !

James. You wou'd be beholden to Nature, for such a comfortable disease as a Fever.

Furrs. Oh, hot, hot, *James*, hot !

James. Hot, Sir, why ? you are a walking Hot-house, a meer Bath-stove, Sir, I protest you make me sweat by reflection, the very waiting on you makes me believe I live under *torrida Zona*, sure 'tis not half so hot under the *Aequinoctial*.

Furrs. He is a wise man that keeps himself warm, *James*.

James. By that rule you are the wisest man in the world, Sir.

Furrs. We shou'd defend our selves against the injuries of the weather, *James*.

James. Against the injuries of the weather ? why, you injure the weather ; Sir, your cloaths are able to affront *Muscovia*, and put both the Poles out of countenance ; were the *Thames* frozen over, your walking upon it wou'd thaw it presently ; snow will melt before you, and yet you are afraid of cold still.

Furrs. Away you Knave.

James. Away ! I wou'd I were away, you are the sweating Sicknefs to me, I have a troublesome office of it, I am fain to have common places for your cloaths to fortifie my memory, my head is a meer Wardrobe, full of nothing but Night-caps, Coats, Cloaks, Stockings, Furs, Drawers and Waistcoats.

Fur. Peace, thou art an idle Knave.

James. 'Tis very likely I should be so, by that time I have made you ready, 'tis almost time to go to bed again, and then when I am pulling off your stockings I despair ever to see your naked leg.

Furrs. What mutter you, Knave ?

James. I am praying, Sir, for warm weather, that your Worship may not catch cold.

Furrs. 'Twas well done *James*, 'twas very well done ; Do you hear ? see that the Coverlet hanging be taken off of my head,

head, that of King *Nebuchadnezzar*, for though he is a great oppressor, he is but cold, *James*, and instead of it, let there be a Feather-bed laid on, I will lie between two Feather-beds; the *Germans* are a wise People, and know how to preserve themselves, the world is beholden to them for the invention of that good and wholesome fashion.

James. Will you be pleased, Sir, to have some *Bezoar* and Posset drink at night, or a little of my Lady *Kents* powder, to help to make you sweat?

Furrs. You prate Sirrah, you prate.

James. On my conscience he wou'd be content to have the Pox, if it were but for the pleasure of sweating for it.

Furrs. Still muttering, hark! who knocks there? open the door carefully.

Enter Mistress Hood.

James. It is *Mistress Hood*, Sir, your Neighbour.

Furrs. Very well, good *Mistress Hood* come near, come near, I say, but forbear your Fan, you will be raising of wind still; well, what News, what news, good woman?

Mrs Hood. Very comfortable News, Sir, the Lady is very much taken with the description I made of you, and highly commends your prudence, Sir; you have strange charms about you, the very naming of you, is able to warm a Ladies breast.

Furrs. Very well, very well, what age is she of?

Mrs Hood. Just in her *meridian*, and as warm as the Sun at Noon day.

Furrs. Very good, and of a delicate complexion?

Mrs Hood. She has a skin as white as the driven snow.

Furrs. Forbear, forbear, thou wilt ruine her with such another comparifon: how my blood is chil'd within me!

Mrs Hood. She has a hand as soft, and as warm as wooll.

Furrs. Very good.

Mrs Hood. Her teeth are Oriental Pearl, her eyes as bright as stars are in a frosty night.

Furrs. Again thou hast froze the blood within me, I have cakes of ice floating in my veins.

Mrs Hood. Her breath is more sweet and comfortable than the smoak of incense.

Furrs.

Furrs. So, no more, no more, thou hast thaw'd me again ;
James, let the Boys have wood to night to make bonfires to
 morrow ; when the air has been well aired, I will venture my
 self to go and see her : How do's the little Charge I trust you
 with ?

M^{rs} Hood. Very well, Sir.

Furrs. Are you careful in your instructions ?

M^{rs} Hood. I read Behaviour to her daily, Sir.

Furrs. Your Fan again ! Farewel, farewel, thou wilt be the
 death of me some time or other ; *James*, let her forth, and fol-
 low me into my Bed-chamber, I fear she has given me a fit of
 an Ague.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Mulberry Garden.*

Enter Emilia, and the Widow Pleasant.

Emil. They are not come from the Park yet.

Wid. They will miss our Coach the next round, and quick-
 ly hurry after.

Emil. I wonder which is more impatient.

Wid. The Colonel, I'll warrant him ; hope rouses Love and
 imps his wings.

Emil. 'Twas a strange frolick ; take heed Wench you prove
 not like the Fly.

Wid. I despise your old proverbial Saws, as even like the
 Fly, and because you have sing'd your wings, you think I must
 do so too ; how my heart is set upon the exploit ! be sure you
 help me to vex him.

Emil. I warrant thee, let us take the other walk.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Courtly and Boldman powder'd, &c.

Bold. 'Tis a delicate plump Wench ; now a blessing on the
 hearts of them that were the contrivers of this Garden ; this
 Wilderness is the prettiest convenient place to wooe a Widow
 in.

D

Courtly.

Court. You have the luck of it Colonel.

Bold. She made me swear a thousand oaths I wou'd not tell thee of it: if thou shou'dst prove a Tatler now.

Court. Have not I a hundred times trusted thee with business of the like nature.

Bold. Hold, here they come.

Enter Emilia and the Widow.

Men. Your Servants, Ladies.

Wid. You are men of honour I see, and dare keep your words.

Emil. I did not think the Colonel had been such a prodigal of his time, to trifle it thus away with Ladies.

Wid. I fear he will repent it hereafter.

Bold. I will repent nothing all my life, but that I had not the honour to know you sooner, Madam.

Wid. Bless me! we are deceiv'd Cousin, this is not the Colonel we saw to day, he was a very free, well-humour'd Gentleman, and spoke his mind plainly; this is some flattering Courtier.

Bold. The change is great, Madam, since first you saw me; but question not your self the miracles you do.

Wid. Prithee Cousin let us stand a little further off, he makes my head ach worse than a Milliners shop; foh, what a stink of Essences is here! he has corrupted the very air with a new pair of Gloves.

Bold. Pardon me Madam, if I cannot but pursue: thus joyful Pilgrims fainting with excess
[kisses her hand.]
cessive drought stoop and kiss the Nymph that does refresh their thirsty souls.

Emil. Most Courtly.

Wid. Most Poetical too, it is the Colonel I see, but sure he is not well in mind, his inclinations alter like the temper of our bodies in an Ague; he is just now fallen into a hot fit; a spare diet, a dark room, often letting blood in the forehead, under the tongue.

Emil. Fontanels, Purging by Hellebore, sweating by Cordials.

Wid.

Wid. And a little sleep provoked by *Laudanum*, that rare preparation by a Learned Doctor at *Paris*, may in time allay the extravagant vapours, and reconcile his wits again.

Bold. *softly* } Rarely well dissembled, *Widow*, but prithee be to the *Widow*. } Not too tedious.

Wid. Still madder and madder, out of one fit into another, a touch of the old strain again!

Bold. } What the Devil shou'd be the meaning of this ?
to himself. }

Emil. Why, put the case Colonel a Lady shou'd love you, what then?

Bold. *starts.*] Ha!

Wid. And love you so desperately to die for you, if you shou'd be cruel?

Bold. Are not you that kind Lady?

Wid. Are not you that easie Gentleman that did believe so?

Bold. And is it not so?

Wid. Alas, how can it be otherwise! what a graceful person he has, what a noble carriage, and what a piercing wit!

[*They all laugh at him.*]

Bold. But do you hear, do you hear Ladies, you are wonderful merry?

Wid. And wonderful loving too, Sir, are we not?

Court. Indeed Madam, you are to blame to inveigle a poor innocent young Gentleman thus.

Bold. *Courtly* hold your peace, or by Heaven I shall grow quarrelsome: juggling, jilting Women, live till you are old, and grow so poor, that you may want money to buy paint.

Emil. Loving!

Wid. And Courtly Colonel.

Bold. Peace *Mandrake*, may all the infirmities you hide light upon me, if I stay longer in your company.

Wid. Nay, good kind Colonel.

[*They all laugh at him.*]

Bold. Pretty well favour'd deceitful Utensil, farewell, and the Devil take you all.

[*Exit Colonel.*]

Emil. I am weary with laughing.

Wid. What wou'd I give he loved me in earnest, that I might have the pleasure to use him scurvily?

Court. You are too great a Tyrant, Madam.

Enter Sir Anthony Altalk, and goes over the Stage.

Sir Anthony } Your humble Servant Sir.
passing.

Court. Your Servant Sir.

Wid. What pretty pert Gentleman is that, I see him always at the Plays, bowing to every one, running from one side of the Pit to another, and whispering for the most part with the Orange Women.

Court. He is very jantee indeed, and of a humour now in fashion; I learned his Name but this Afternoon, it is Sir *Anthony Altalk*.

Emil. He makes pretty little Songs, and teaches them to Ladies himself.

Wid. Oh, I have heard of him, he invents Emblems for Fans, and writes Epigrams upon every Busk he lays his hands on.

Court. The very same.

Wid. I wou'd give any thing to have his company an hour or two for variety; he is another sort of Fool than I have met withal yet.

Emil. Cou'd not you procure it us?

Court. The business is not difficult I think, he is of a very easie access; but the trouble will be to be rid of him afterwards.

Wid. Leave that trouble to me.

Court. Well then, I will endeavour to bring him to morrow.

Emil. The Air grows cold, let us be going.

Court. I will wait upon you to your Coach, Madam.

Wid. Pray bespeak some Poetry of him to make us merry.

Emil. He never goes unfurnish'd sure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Altalk.

Sir Anth. Not one man can I fasten upon in this Garden, they all avoid me, freeness and good nature have undone me, I will hereafter be more reserved in my acquaintance.

Enter Courtly.

Court. *Sir Anthony*, well met.

Sir Anth. Your Servant, *Sir*.

Court. Did you not meet the Colonel?

Sir Anth. Yes, but I care not if I never meet him more.

Court. Why? what is the matter *Sir Anthony*?

Sir Anth. This is the matter, I civilly saluted him, and told him it was a very fine Evening, and he told me I ly'd.

Court. And what did you answer?

Sir Anth. Why, I told him I thought I did so indeed, and there was an end of the business: What Ladies were those you were talking with, *Sir*?

Court. How do you like them?

Sir Anth. Lovely Women, I had a great mind to have put in, and have made one, but I wanted assurance.

Court. It is a great fault in a Courtier, they have a very fair opinion of you I assure you; I am to morrow to give them an entertainment, in which you may do me a great favour.

Sir Anth. You honour me too much, by thinking it within my power to serve you.

Court. They are great Lovers of Poetry.

Sir Anth. 'Tis very well.

Court. And I have borrow'd one of the Theaters to entertain them at; if we had but a Mask now, or some such pretty Poetical thing.

Sir Anth. A Mask! stay *Sir*, upon what occasion?

Court. Why, be reveng'd on the Colonel, and use your skill to perswade *Venus*, and her Son *Cupid*, to make him fall desperately in love with one of those Gentlewomen you saw with me; I will inform you which of them, and give you good reason for doing it.

Sir Anth. Let me see, let me see, I think I have a blank Mask upon the same subject, I [He Considers. will home, and fill it up presently: Where shall we meet to morrow?

Courtly

Court. We will agree of it as we go, you oblige me infinitely, Sir.

Sir Anth. Alas Sir, a trifle, scarce worthy your acknowledgment.

Court. You are too humble Sir, and value not your self as you shou'd do.

Sir Anth. You are too kind, and too obliging Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Mistress Hood and Dameris.

Hood. **M**istress Dameris.
Dam. Forsooth.

Hood. Come nearer, come nearer, and be attentive to what I shall tell you : Your Friends have sent you to me for your better Education. My Mother was a Waiting Gentlewoman of the Mother of the Maids in Queen Elizabeth's time of Famous memory ; it was, let me see, in the year of our Lord, — by my truly I have forgot it, but I am sure she told me it was Leap Year, the Dominical Letter being P. for many were that year, I marry were they : But we are all flesh and blood, our Grandame Eve you know what she did.

Dam. Yes forsooth, she lov'd an Apple.

Hood. Ah, when things are forbidden it is a great temptation ; well, on my conscience we shall never be Vertuous till sin be made lawful, and that, some say, will be after Doomsday ; but I am not learned in those things, therefore no more of them : Now to your Education ; my proper Vocation, come nearer.

Dam. Yes forsooth.

Hood. Yes forsooth is too Countrey like, say Madam, or come without speaking, and then your Milk-maids court'sy,
all

all of one side, as if you were going to dance a *Derbyshire Horn-Pipe* : What reverences there were in *Queen Elizabeth's* time ! you shou'd have a Lady go down so leisurely, and so low, they would be under the Table ; for I have heard of a Nobleman that asked for such a Lady, when the poor heart was all the while labouring in the civility, and at her resurrection made his honour start ; I would have a mediocrity in your court'sy, not so long as those were, nor so short as a *Die-dapper*, those careless Ducks show rather scorn than respect.

Dam. I shall be careful to observe your directions.

Hood. Well, and then your Gowns now a dayes are made so long, you lose the advantage of a handsom foot, and leg, it was not so heretofore, wherefore be sure you hold it up high when you go into a Coach, down stairs, or over the least wet, it is a great provocation to a young Lover.

Dam. I shall be mindful.

Hood. Well said, then it is needful some time to pull off your Gloves in publick places to shew your white hands, under pretence of setting your Locks or removing your patches, give a careless look sometimes to put a man in doubt whether it be chance or kindness, and if you find him coming, then is your time, be coy, hold off, and if he press your hand seem to be angry, but give him good words again quickly, if he tread on your foot at dinner, or at cards, take no notice of it, but pull it away, and tread on his again, as if it were by chance.

Dam. I shall endeavour to remember.

Hood. Very well ; one thing more, when you are in a Coach together, upon the least jog-kreek, and catch hold of him, as if you were afraid, though there be no danger ; practise and observation of other Ladies, when you are in company, will teach you a thousand things very necessary for young Women.

Enter James.

James. My Master is at the door, and prays you to make haste, lest the wind shou'd rise.

Hood. We are coming, be mindful of this, *Mist'ris Dameris*, you shall know more hereafter, you shall go along with us, and visit the Ladies to day.

Dam.

Dam. I shall be very careful to observe your good directions. [Exit.]

Enter Courtly and Sir Anthony at one door, Emilia and the Widow at another.

Court. Ladies, your Servant, I have brought a Gentleman to wait upon you here, whose ingenuity you will have occasion to admire anon.

Sir Anthony kisses Your faithful Servant Madam. [To Emilia their hands.] Your faithful Servant. [To the Widow.] This is an honour I have sigh't for since I was yesterday in the Mulberry Garden; Ladies you were the Glory of the Evening, the Walks had been but dull, had not your beauties shin'd there.

Wid. We heard you were Poetical Sir, and doubted not but to be Stars at least, when ever we shou'd see you.

Sir Anth. *Phæbus* himself.

Emil. Not a word of him now, I beseech you, Sir, I know we shall have enough of him by and by in your Mask.

Sir Anth. I am his Priest Madam, and yet I will not flatter his Deity so much, to say he may compare with you.

Wid. You are so prophane Sir, I wonder he do's not punish you with less wit.

Enter Tatle.

Tat. Mr. Courtly your Footman waits below to speak with you.

Court. I will kiss your hands again immediately Ladies.

[Exit Courtly.]

Sir Anthony Prithee sweet heart, which is? *The two Ladies* to Tatle. *The Gentlemans Mistris* that is *Stalk together.* gone down?

Tatle. Why shou'd you ask, Sir?

Sir Anth. I am desperately in love with the other.

Tat. Then you know which Sir.

Sir Anth. Pox on't, what a dunce am I.

[Aside.]

Yes, yes, it is that Lady, is it not? [Pointing to the Widow.]

Tatle. You are right Sir.

[He goes to Emil.]

Wid.

Wid. What is the matter Girl?

[*Tatle laughs.*

Tatle. I'll tell you Madam.

[*They whisper and laugh.*

Sir Anth. I lost it last night in the Mulberry Garden Ma-
to *Emilia.* I am, and I have no hopes of finding it again,
but here.

Emil. Your heart is worth but little sure, you are so care-
less of it.

Enter Courtly.

Sir Anth. It was of no value Madam, before you stamp'd
your Image there, but now it is no trifle.

Court. How now *Sir Anthony*, making Love to my Mistress?

Sir Anth. Is this your Mistress, Sir?

Court. This is the Lady Sir, I told you I esteem'd above the
rest of Women-kind.

Sir Anth. A thousand times I ask your pardon, Sir.

Tatle. Sure this is the Lady Sir, you are so desperately in
Love withal; is it not?

[*Pointing to the Widow.*

Sir Anth. Now do I want the confidence to speak to the
other: This Caudle-maker has undone me quite!

[*Exit Tatle.*

Wid. Come Sir, the mistake is pardonable, Travellers may
be put out of their way through the malice of a Guide.

Sir Anth. The Devil take me Madam, if I did not mean
you, and was as glad it happen'd to be a mistake as cou'd be.

Emil. I hope you believe Sir, I have not your heart now.

Sir Anth. Excuse me Madam; when things are lost the in-
nocent are sometimes apprehended upon suspicion: I knew
the Thief was not unlike you, 'tis your fair Relation here.

Wid. If I shou'd plead guilty, Sir, I hope you wou'd be plea-
sed to use me favourably.

Sir Anth. Alas! I am your Prisoner Madam, I must sue to
you for favour, and your goodness.

Enter Tatle.

Tatle. Madam, Madam, the Colonel is newly alighted at the
door: Sir, this Lady is the Colonels Mistress.

Sir Anth. Pox on't, what will become of me now, wou'd
Women had Bills upon them like Lodgings, that we may know
when they are to be Let. Ladies I will go before and wait
for you at the Theatre.

E

Wid.

Wid. Sir *Anthony*, Sir *Anthony*, you must not go before us.

Emil. This will give us reason to suspect all you have said.

Wid. But you are not the first false man that has flatter'd Women to believe what has undone 'em.

Sir Anth. Some things of consequence concerning the Mask, which I had omitted, must needs procure my pardon; Your Servant Ladies: 'Death, they had a mind to have me beaten sure. [Exit.

Enter Colonel, walks up and down Melancholy.

Court. How in the melancholy Garb Colonel! thy Father is not dead.

Bold. Courtly forbear, or I shall forget our Friendship.

Court. Why, what is the matter man?

Bold. That Devil there do's possess me, no exorcism can remove her, Wine nor Women signifie nothing, she runs in my mind like small beer when I had a Fever.

Court. Thou art a most miserable man then; she is the greatest tyrant of her Sex.

Bold. Do you hear Madam, did not you tell me you lov'd me?

Wid. You Sir! I remember I once saw a pretty Gentleman that had a very witty faculty of railing against Love, and honest Women, to whom I spoke something to that purpose; he was not altogether unlike a Gentleman I saw since in *Mulberry Garden*, and has some little resemblance of your self too, but he is of a far more gay and manly temper.

Bold. Why, put the case a Gentleman shou'd be in love with you Lady, what then?

Wid. Why, then I shou'd laugh at him Colonel, wou'd you would but do him the favour to let me know him; truly you injure the Gentleman much to conceal him.

Bold. Since you resolve to treat him so honourably, I shall take care he shall wait upon you very suddenly; and so farewell fair Hypocrite.

[Exit Colonel.

Emil. On my Conscience he loves in earnest.

Court.

Court. There is no more defence against Beauty than against Spirits; courage and resolution serve for nothing.

Emil. How earnestly he look'd upon her!

Court. And how unwillingly his legs convey'd him from the Chamber, as if every step they had expected new orders.

Enter Hood.

Wid. Oh! here come tydings of a fresh Servant, what news *Mistris Hood?*

Hood. Madam, the party is below, and it please you.

Wid. Dear Cousin, what shall we do with him, 'tis time to go to the mask?

Emil. Wou'd *Mistris Hood* could perswade him to go along with us, and *Sir Anthony* shall invent some Poetical affliction for him.

Wid. It wou'd do rarely, do you hear *Mistris Hood?*

[*They whisper.*]

Court. Who is it pray Madam?

Emil. We will tell you as we go.

Hood. I shall do my endeavour Madam.

Wid. We shall be ready there to receive you: Come let us be going.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE, the Theatre.

Enter Sir Anthony, Two Women Players.

Sir Anth. You are perfect in your parts.

1. *Player.* Yes.

Sir Anth. You sing the Songs.

2. *Player.* Yes Sir.

Sir Anth. You have an Angelical Voice, and deserve good ones.

2. *Player.* But we so seldom get them Sir.

Sir Anth. What shou'd be the reason of it?

1. *Player.* The Poets now a dayes are very sparing of their wit that way, they keep it all for Plays.

2. *Player.* Nay, and there they are exceeding sparing too.

E 2

1. *Player.*

1st Player. It is a very scarce Commodity, never was there less ready Wit stirring.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Company is come, bless me ! they had like to have frighted me with a man dress'd up like a Gyant in a Puppet show.

Sir Anth. Quickly, Chairs, Chairs.

Enter Courtly, Emilia, Widow, Furrs, Hood, Dameris, Tatle, and James.

Court. So *Sir Anthony*, I hope every thing is ready to divert the Ladies.

Sir Anth. Heaven ! what walking Pyramid is that ?

Emil. Oh ! hark you *Sir Anthony*. *[They whisper.]*

Wid. Come Sir, will you sit down ?

Furrs. With all my heart Lady ; I did not think the weather had been so warm abroad, never trust me if I do not sweat ; *James*, my Handkerchief.

Wid. It is stirring, more than ordinary motion will occasion heat.

Furrs. Nay, it is nothing else Lady, will you be pleased to sit ?

Wid. I shall sit here, Sir. *[At a distance from Furrs.]*

Court. You do well Madam ; 'Death, he smells worse than a Chandlers Shop. *[Emilia and Courtly sit down.]*

Sir Anth. It shall be done Madam. Musick begin.

[They play an Air.]

[Exit Sir Anthony : After the Musick has done he comes in again, and sits down by Courtly.]

The Mask begins, *Venus* and *Cupid* descending while the Song is singing.

I.

*From their bright Celestial sphear
Venus and her Son appear
Gently descending to the earth,
To give our Laves a timely birth.*

II. *In*

II.

*In the fairest Ladies eyes,
Cupid's fatal Quiver lies;
From them he borrow's all those darts
With which he wounds poor mortals hearts.*

III.

*And Man, alas, has no defence
Against an arrow taken thence :
Loves sweet infection seizes all,
The grief is Epidemical.*

Venus and Cupid are landed on the Stage.

*Venus. A Mortal's prayers, our Powers did move
To make a rougher Soldier love ;
Cupid imploy thy Magick Art
T' infect his sense, and wound his heart.*

[A Caldron boyling on the Stage.

*Cupid. Dear Mother, pow'rfull Charms I've got,
A Lovers sighs, Ven——put them i'th' pot.*

*Cupid. His groans, sad thoughts, and his despair,
His soul departed, turn'd to air.*

*Venus. Gently insus'd, wee'l boyl them all
In tears, which his sad eyes let fall.*

*Cupid. But Lady Venus, my dear Mother,
To make it stronger here's another,
The Lovers feverish panting heart
Blood that did backward start :
Cold sweats breath'd through his porous skin,
When to despair he did begin.*

*Venus. Cupid, prithee my dear Son
Make what hast thou can'st t'ave done.*

*Cupid. Here's a Bracelet of her hair,
Beams that us'd to flow i'th' air,
Smiles that from her face did rise,
Glances shot from her bright eyes ;*

Coral.

*Coral from her lips too, with
Shaved Ivory from her teeth;
From each vein a Violet,
A Strawberry from either telt,
Lilies took from her white skin,
Roses from her cheeks; All's in,
But the Pot methinks too narrow:*

Venus. *Stir the ingredients with thine arrow.
Thus Loves Oyntment we compound,
In which we dip the darts that wound.*

Venus. *Now Cupid show thy Magick Art,
And pierce that Mortals stubborn heart,
Who did our sacred power despise,
Make him a slave to those bright eyes.
Is this his figure Cupid? thou can'st tell:*

Cupid. *Yes. 'Tis the figure of the Colonel.*

Venus. *Dip then thine arrow, pierce his breast
While I take care to do the rest.*

Cupid. *As this figure I do prick,
Still in Love let him grow sick.*

Venus. *His eyes and ears thus I anoint,
And put those Senses out of joynt:
No sleep shall close his wearied eyes,
He still shall languish as he lies.
Come now my Son repeat the spell
That must inchant this Colonel.*

Pointing to the
Widow.

{ Cupid sticks an
arrow in the
Figure.

The Conjurati^on SONG.

I.

Cupid. *By Lovers Circle I do raise thee,
And by Love I do amaze thee:
Whatsoe're thou shalt rehearse,
Let thy Prose be turn'd to Verse.*

2.

*Though she's foul, yet think her fair,
And though earthy, light as air;
Though ill favour'd in her feature,
There's no where so sweet a Creature.*

3. Though

3.

*Though she be crooked, lame and halt,
Streight and sound, without a fault;
Old, and never speak a truth,
Constant, and as fresh as youth.*

4.

*Thus thou shalt alwayes be i'th' wrong,
And still mispraise her in each Song:
Love's a disease, affects the mind,
And makes the understanding blind.*

Venus. Cupid, now thou hast made an end,
Let us again to Heaven ascend.

Cupid. *But Mother, e're thy Doves take flight,
To shew that we have Conjur'd right,
The soul of some diseased Lover
In soft musick shall discover
Those various passions, new-born Love
Do's in the Colonels bosome move.*

A SONG in the Musick Room.

Venus and Cupid Ascending.

*With Loves fancied wings I fly
In the pure and azure skie,
In the serene air that's high.*

*Viewing Planets as I goe,
Their's are borrowed light, I know,
Their Orbs for my love are too low.*

*Fancy then did mount me higher,
While the Sun that heavenly fire
Did my brighter flame admire.*

*Towring upwards still so far,
Till it became a fixed Star;
And now governs Love and War.*

Court.

Court. Sir *Anthony*, indeed we have all reason to believe you a man of parts.

Wid. Truly this is the prettiest piece of modern Poetry I have seen, and I am much obliged to you Sir.

Sir *Anth.* You are a favourable Lady; the fancy of the Mask is somewhat new and extravagant I must confess, but *Poetica licentia* will bear it out now a dayes.

Enter a Servant to Courtly.

Court. Come Ladies, let us go up and reward his Muse with Marmalet.

Em. We must see another flight yet first: Sir *Anthony* were you mindful?

Sir *Anth.* Madam, I have obey'd your commands, they are ready.

Court. Sir *Anthony*, what mean you?

Sir *Anth.* A little more conjuring Sir.

{ Sir *Anthony* with a switch makes as if he intended to Conjure.

Court. Bless us all!

Sir *Anth.* Ere to the Banquet we advance,
I'll charm the winds into a dance;
From thy black and dismal Caves,
Eolus release thy Slaves,
And let them in a Dance appear.

A Dance.

Enter the four *Winds* with Bellows in their hands,
and Dance about, and afflict *Furrs*.

The Winds. Lo! we are here, Lo! we are here.

Furrs. Oh murder! murder! murder! good *Boreas* forbear I beseech thee, Hell and Furies are not so terrible as these Monsters! Gentlemen, Ladies, help me, help me, help me, let not me be thus untimely blasted, I beseech you.

Furrs. Oh! *James*, *James*, help me up, help me; why did'st thou not rescue thy poor Master?

James. Alas, Sir, the Wind was too strong for me, I was blown off, there was no coming near you.

Furrs. Hood is a Varlet, a mear dissembling Varlet, she did inveigle me into this Tempest, let us be going, let us be going,
how

how full of wind I am! they have blown me up like a bladder; a cough already, the Almonds of my Ears are come down too; Oh! I am lost, I am lost *James*, beyond the recovery of all my Blankets, Lamb-skins, and Night-caps, butter'd Ale and Sugar-candy.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Sir Anthony and Dameris.

Sir Anth. SO lately come out of the Countrey Lady, you are unacquainted with the Town yet; you have not seen the Court, the Park, the Mulberry, and the New Spring-Gardens, the Plays, the Balls, the Masques, &c.

Dameris. I have seen nothing, Sir, but the Paradise in *Shoo-Lane*.

Sir Anth. A trifle, a meer trifle.

Enter Courtly, Emilia, Widow and Hood.

Wid. How now *Sir Anthony*, you were mistaken again, my hopes are lost, that is the Lady you are so desperately in love with.

Sir Anth. Love is blind, Madam, and very apt to these mistakes.

Wid. There is a sympathy in your understanding which may do much; *Mistress Dameris* is Poetical too.

Enter Tatle.

Tatle. Oh Madam! yonder comes the Colonel, he looks so wildly he frighted me, sure he is distracted.

Wid. Our jesting is like to come to earnest then.

F

Enter

Enter the Colonel looking wildly, and a Servant.

Wid. Defend us all !

Col. Nay, fly not, but hear me, for you are the cause of all my misery, since you resolve you will not love me, I will die, and then my Ghost shall haunt you.

*At Courten time, and at the dead of night
I will appear, thy conscious soul to fright,
Make signs, and beckon thee my Ghost to follow
To sadder Groves, and Church-yards, where we'll hollow
To darker Caves, and solitary Woods,
To fatal Whirl-pools, and consuming Floods ;
I'll tempt thee to pass by the unluckie Ewe
Blasted with cursed droppings of Mildew :
Under an Oak that ne're bore leaf, my moans
Shall there be told thee by the Mandrakes groans ;
The winds shall sighing tell thy cruelty,
And how thy want of Love did murder me ;
And when the Cock shall crow, and day grow near,
Then in a flash of fire I'll disappear.*

[Exit Col.]

Court. You see Madam, to what extremity you have reduced the poor Colonel.

Wid. It is all but counterfeit, it can be nothing else.

Serv. I will assure you Madam, his eye-lids never shut, he gives his cloaths no rest, he is become a stranger to his Bed, food cannot find the way unto his mouth, he lives on sighs, and when he feasts he calls on you ; but look where he comes again.

Enter Colonel unbutton'd, and like a Mad-man.

Wid. I vow his gasty looks affright me.

[Excunt Ladies to the Balcony near the Stage.]

The Colonel takes chalk out of his pocket, and makes a Circle.

Sir Anth. What, are you going to conjure, Sir?

Bald.

Bold. You are an Ass, I believe none of those Popperies, where's their foundation; the Devil? I could never see him yet, I believe he is sick in bed, and leaves mankind to his own wickedness.

Court. Why do you make this Circle then?

Bold. Why, I have found out a Mystery, the great Mathematical Secret, that has puzzl'd the greatest Wits of the world so many hundred years.

Sir Anth. What's that?

Bold. The squaring of the Circle.

Sir Anth. And what, when 'tis squar'd?

Bold. Why, then 'tis squar'd.

Sir Anth. Nothing else?

Bold. You ignorant, illiterate fellow, is not that enough? Thou art no Son of Art : But where's my Mistris?

[He pulls out a Perspective-glass.

Oh yonder she appears afar off, she stands on *Dover Cliff*, and here I am on *Calice Sands*, I see her in my Perspective.

Sir Anth. Is it *Galileo's*?

Bold. He is an Ass, I had it of a famous Capuchin; had you lost a Pin in the Moon, I cou'd find it out with this Glass; but I will speak to my Mistris.

Bold. *Can thy love for our meeting no way find?
Bestride a Cloud, and sail upon the wind,
Or from our Dover Peer, that height so steep,
Leap down into the bosome of the deep,
A Sea-horse shall be ready to convey
Thee safely over all this washy way :
But stay, I'll send to Neptune an Ambassage
To lend his Dolphin for thy safer passage.*

[The Women withdraw from the Balcony.

Ah! the day grows cloudy, and now I cannot see her.

[He turns round.

Bold. Come Gentlemen, look you here, I have found out the Perpetual Motion, can make Mills go without wind or water, or horses; you shall not need winde up your Watches, your Coaches shall go without horses, the whole world shall run on wheels; this is another study of your graver and so-

luder wife men, but the day is clear'd again, see where my Sun
appears—— [The Women appear again.]

*My dearest, and my loveliest fair,
Me thinks I tread the gentle air;
I'll straight to Phoebus, and will hire
His gaudy Chariot lin'd with fire,
To kiss thy hands, and thee admire. }
The Planets shall upon me wait,
Like Torches to increase my State;
The fixed Stars shall not disdain
With their bright flames to serve my train, }
My Trunks I'll send by Charles his Wain. }*

[Wid. disappears.]

What are you vanished again? Then to my study, Oh Gentlemen! take heed of my Glasses, this is my Alembick, and I want nothing of the Philosophers Stone, but fixing the nimble God *Mercury*, and giving him the right tincture of *Sol*: but by the way, in my experiments, I have found the rarest Medicine in the world.

Sir Anth. For what, Sir?

Bold. For Corns, Sir.

This is a grave and learned madness, and well becoming the wisest men; but I must to my Libratory, farewell Ignorance.

[Exit.]

Enter Widow, Emilia, Hood, Dameris and Tatle.

Court. What think you now Madam, is this all counterfeited?

Emil. If it be, 'tis rarely well done: your look betrays some melancholy, Cousin.

Wid. The Colonel does both abuse himself and me; this cannot be real, and I am concern'd not for his madness but his folly; but I am to blame to let so slight a matter trouble me: Mistress Hood pray excuse what has happen'd to Master Furr, and persuade him to venture once more into our company, I will endeavour to divert this idle humour.

Sir Anth. Indeed Mistress Dameris, no Lady has a more passionate

fionate servant, your native Excellencies need not the help of Art, you have strength enough to conquer without those Auxiliaries.

Mrs. Dameris. I know not well what you mean Sir, but I have been told, men are here so given to flattery, that did I understand you, I shou'd be apt to mistrust all you have told me.

Hood. Mistris *Dameris*, come take your leave of the Ladies; Madam, I shall go immediately, and perform your commands.

Mrs. Dameris. Your Servant Madam, your Servant Madam.

Wid. God by' pretty Mistris *Dameris*.

[*Exeunt Hood and Dameris.*]

Sir Anth. Farewel pretty innocence, * Daughter * To himself. and sole Heir (as I am informed) of a wealthy Gentleman; But——

Court. Come Sir *Anthony*, let us wait upon the Ladies to their Coach.

Sir Anth. I am proud of the Office, Sir.

Wid. Mrs. Dameris has made you thoughtful *Sir Anthony*.

Sir Anth. She cannot make me forget my duty to you Madam.

[*Exeunt All.*]

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Furrs and James.

Furrs. Oh! *James* a Chair, a Chair, and throw a Blanket or two over me quickly, they are barbarous, inhumane, merciless people; I am afraid I shall never be my self again, an excessive cold *James*, an excessive cold.

James. Have courage Sir, I warrant you, you'll sweat it out, and be well again.

Furrs. Dost thou think so?

James. I indeed Sir do I.

Furrs. Quickly, quickly *James*, provide some wooll to stop my ears, Lavender to stop my nose, give me that warm handkerchief to hold before my mouth a while, and prepare the farcenet to hang before mine eyes; Nature was improvident

to.

to make so many holes about us : Hast thou reached out the Spirits?

James. Yes Sir.

Furrs. Give me, give me some in a warm Cup; so. [He drinks.
Now give me the Key of my Cabinet again : { He takes it, and lets
Oh Villain ! inconsiderate Villain, thou wilt { it fall again,
be the death of me.

James. What's the matter, Sir ?

Furrs. Oh the Key, the key, would'st thou offer to put a cold key into my hand? I feel the cold strike upward, I have a cramp in my fingers, I shall have Convulsion fits, immediately some more *Aqua Mirabilis*, quick, quick, quick.

James. Here Sir, here.

Furrs. So, it has met the cold humour, and dispers'd it, I hope I feel my self better, a little better, be more careful another time *James.* Hast thou the Sarcenet?

James. Yes, Sir.

Furrs. So then, put it before mine eyes.

James. Thus I stop these Casements.

Furrs. Thou dost well *James*, why shou'd we be so fond of our sight? there is more ill-favour'd Women than handsome, more displeasing objects than pleasant; so 'tis well *James*.

James. Here is the Lavender for your Nose, Sir.

Furrs. Stop, stop those holes *James*, there are more stinks than sweet smells.

James. So Sir, I have laid your Nose in Lavender.

Furrs. No Knave, you have laid the Lavender in my Nose.

James. Here is wooll for your Ears, Sir.

Furrs. 'Tis well, stop, stop these holes too, there is more discord than concord, more noise than musick, more ill news to be heard than good; stop 'em up, I say, and give me a pipe of Tobacco, and take away the handkerchief.

James. Here is a pipe Sir to stop your mouth.

[*James stops his ears with wooll, and hangs a piece of Sarcenet before his eyes, and puts a pipe in his mouth.*

Furrs. 'Tis well, Tobacco is warm and comfortable: what pains we take to preserve our selves here a while *James!* Death, Death *James* is the happiest condition.

James.

James. By my troth Sir, I shall hardly be perswaded to be of your mind.

Furrs. Why *James*, shou'd we live long, we shou'd grow weary of buttoning and unbuttoning our doublets, of eating our dinner and supper, Life is nothing but a dull repetition of the same things: What pleasure dost thou take *James*, to have a new Sute once a year, against Christmas or Easter?

James. I by my troth do I, Sir.

Furrs. And then in all thy bravery to dance a Horn-pipe, and show thy activity to the Chamber-maid.

James. By my troth, I think well of it, Sir.

Furrs. For my part I am weary of this World: the State, the Greatness, and the Policy of this World, well look'd into *James*, are all but more serious Follies; the same passions make Kings fall out, that make Boys go to Cuffs; all is folly *James*, a circulation of folly, we are all couzen'd with formality and ceremony, the Taylor and Cap-maker deceive us all *James*; but Death quits us of all these *James*; the quiet World is the Grave, *James*.

James. I like not that habitation Sir.

Furrs. Why, wou'dst not thou desire to be at rest *James*?

James. Truly not I for all your Philosophical periwassions.

Furrs. Truly Nature is fearful, Nature bids us preserve our selves; but we do but injure our selves *James*, and stave off our happiness: Oh! Death, Death, *James* lay by my Pipe, hark! hark! some body knocks at door, see, see, who is it *James*? but be careful. [*Hood knocks here.*]

James. It is your Neighbour Mist'ris Hood.

Furrs. Let her avaunt, I will not see her *James*, shut her out, shut her out *James*.

Hood. I must, and I will speak with his Worship, I have business of consequence to impart to him.

James. Thou art a foe to his tenderness, thou art less welcome to him than a North-east wind; I say, begon, thou shalt not enter here.

Hood. Thou art a stinking, foul, unsavoury Rascal, I must, and I will come in, I say.

[*They strive, and the door stands open.*]

Furrs.

Furrs. Oh! *James, James*, the door, the door, the door, she has let in wind enough to disperse a Navy; base, unworthy Woman.

Hood. Alas! how does your Worship? I have been so much concerned for your health.

Furrs. Thou art a Woman begon: impudence, and hypocrisie are natural to thee, thou wert the original of all my evil.

Hood. Heaven knows you wrong me, Sir, these tears can witness my innocence.

James. Oh Woman! Woman! well, go thy wayes, if she did not laugh till she crack'd the lace of her old Prunella Gown, when she saw him abused, there is no faith in a Ser-ing-man.

Hood. Have I to gain this ill Opinion rose early and late, when you have gotten the least cold, to make you butter'd Ale, and Rosemary Possets, stroak'd up the Almonds of your ears, and fetched up the pallat of your mouth again and again; is this the reward of all my care and kindness?

Furrs. Why, were not you an abettor, *Hood*?

Hood. You wou'd have thought me so, had you but seen the passion I was in, when the Villain laid the bellows to your Worships nose, and blew, and blew, and swore it was a fire-cole.

Furrs. Who was the Author of that Villany then? was not the Lady *Pleasant* in the Plot?

Hood. Alas! poor Lady she has kept her Chamber ever since, and is now in the deepest melancholy: No, no, Sir, it was the contrivance of a villainous, licentious Poet, Sir *Anthony Altalk*.

Furrs. I will never be a friend to the Muses again; *James* pull down the Ballads my maid has starch'd up in the Kitchen, and look in my Study for the *Garland of Good Will*, and burn it, I will never have a good opinion of Rhyme more. But is the Lady melancholy; dost thou say? come nearer good Neighbour *Hood*.

Hood. Most desperately melancholy Sir.

Furrs. Upon my score!

Hood.

Hood. I know not Sir, only she sigh'd, and sigh'd a dozen times at least, and charg'd me to come and inquire how you did, and said, Sir *Anthony* was a very unworthy person, and then sat down on her Couch, and lean'd her cheek on her hand, and pray'd me to make haste.

Furrs. May I believe you?

Hood. Think but how faithful I have been since you trusted me with the secret of *Mistress Dameris* her birth, and how careful I have been of her Education, ever since she came from my Sister out of the Country.

Furrs. Peace, peace, I was to blame to mistrust thee, to-morrow I will visit the Lady again, I will venture forth in my Furr'd Chair, well air'd with Spirits of Wine, but let no Poet be there Neighbour: What hast thou brought me?

Hood. A Woodstreet Cake candy'd for your Worship.

Furrs. Away, away with it *Hood*, give it the Girl, I cannot indure the sight of it, it puts me in mind of Winter, 'tis the very emblem of a white Frost *James*; lead me to my Chamber *James*, farewell *Mistress Hood*; farewell, home, home, and take care of the Child.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Anthony Altalk.

Sir Anth. Daughter, and sole Heir, pretty and young! But this old Beldam has such an eye over her, she must be fee'd, a Bond of forty pounds, payable upon my day of marriage, or some such trifle, and she is my own, I will about it immediately.

Enter Hood and a Maid.

Hood. Here take my hood, lay it up Maid carefully: where is *Mistress Dameris*?

Maid. In the next Room by her self, practising a French Dance.

Hood. Call her, call her.

Maid. *Mistress Dameris.*

G

Enter

*Enter Dameris.**Dam.* Well, what say you?*Hood.* Come hither, come hither, Mistris *Dameris*.*Dam.* What is your pleasure, Madam? [*Makes a Court'sy.*]*Hood.* I marry, the world is well amended with you already, company and conversation is all in all.*Dam.* Well, Countrey breeding is a strange thing.*Hood.* Did not I tell you so? alas, what an admirable thing it is for a Lady to know how to make Cheese and Butter, to whip Cream, or make a dish of wild Curds, to be skilfull in the great secret of Preserving, making Marmalads, Quidenies and Gellies.*Dam.* In comparison of knowing the Town, to be able to censure Plays, to know how to behave our selves at Court, and Masks, and in all publick places, to be able to play at Ombre and Loheir.*Hood.* To dance a Jig neatly, and sing your delicate little French Songs, and the Love-Songs in fashion; Oh! this will melt an ill Nature, and convert him wholly into Love in a trice; these things get Husbands without portions: But where did I leave last?*Dam.* You were instructing me how to inveigle a Lover.*Hood.* I marry there's the point; if you find him coming be not too hasty, hold off and you may do what you please with him; let him have no Favor to wear in his hat, no knot to rye at the bottom-hole of his doublet, without a tedious sute for it: If he give you a lock of his hair, the pledge of his Love, be sure you wear it alwayes when you know he will come, else you may put on others, according to the several signs, and seasons of your Lovers, for it is lawful to hold several in play, but be sure you pick out the richest of them for a Husband.*Dam.* I shall be carefull to observe that wholesome Instruction.*Hood.* And if he shou'd chance to catch you with another mans hair, you must protest it is a womans; that you enterchang'd the Favor, and that you call Sisters, and love one another dearly: then if he write to you, answer him oraculously, he will be apt enough to flatter himself, I warrant you,
and.

and take it in the kindest sense : if you chance to fall out, let him seek to you first to be friends, but if he be crafty, and hold off, contrive it to be brought about by a third person, and be sure you appear not in it, for holding off is a great thing in the Art of Love, many a Woman is lost, by not being able to endure assaults ; a Lady of my acquaintance held out seven years.

Dam. Oh ! Dear.

Hood. But I must confess, she had refreshings in the mean time. When you are in publick places talk to another, and now and then give your Lover a look by stealth, and when you are together, let all your discourse subtly tend to marriage.

Dam. I shall endeavour it.

Hood. You will be invited to Suppers, Plays, Dancing meetings, and several other Entertainments, and are not these better than your Countrey Devices, throwing the whites of white Herrings on the mantles of chimnies, to know whether your Husband shall be streight or crooked, as they stick, drawing out Husbands in the ashes, and twenty such little follies ? and then when you study, instead of good Plays, and new Romances, you read your Books of Riddles, *Scogging's* Jest, or the Tales of the wise men of *Gotham*, and are kist by the Steward, or the Butler, for want of a better.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, there is a Gentleman without desires to speak with you, one Sir *Anth. Altalk*.

Hood. Have him into the Great Parlor, I come immediately.

[*Exit Servant.*]

I believe, by what I observed the other day, he has a mind to be your Servant Mistris *Dameris*, you will have occasion suddenly to put my Precepts into practice ; Go, go up, you must not appear yet, I will come by and by and instruct you where to put on a patch or two.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE *The First.*

Enter Sir Anthony Altalk and Mistris Hood.

Hood. I Protest *Sir Anthony*, I did not think it had been possible to have perswaded me to it, but you have the strangest way with you; Well, you will be careful of my Honour, and not betray me, when I have done my best to serve you?

Sir Anth. No, upon my Honour, *Mistris Hood*.

Hood. Well, then get the Gold we have agreed on, and a Parson in a readiness.

Sir Anth. You are to be at my Lady *Pleasants*.

Hood. True; I will prepare the Lady, and make her as willing as I can to undo her self; Farewell, let us about it quickly.

Sir Anth. I will, I will, farewell. [Exit *Sir Anthony*.

Hood. *Mistris Dameris*, *Mistris Dameris*.

Enter Dameris.

Dam. Yes, Madam.

Hood. 'Tis as I told you, the young man is enamour'd.

Dam. Then I shall have occasion to put your Precepts into practice.

Hood. No, things go so luckily, you will have no need of any of those female sleights, he is handsome, rich and young, and has wit enough to make a good Husband.

Enter James.

James. My Master stays below in his Chair, and desires you to make haste, and to meet him at the Ladies.

Hood. We go, we go *James*. [Exit *James*.

Come *Mistris Dameris*, I will instruct you by the way, how it is meet you shou'd behave your self in this weighty business.

[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Courtly and Emilia.

Court. May I not hope you will not alwayes be so cruel, but that my Love in time may have a kind return?

Emil. Yes, you may hope, but it is as Creditors may hope for debts from men that are undone : If ever I am Mistris of my heart again, I shall remember what I owe you.

Court. Though this acknowledgement is more than I deserve, pres'd by my Love, as Beggars are by want, I still shall trouble you, there is but poor relief in gentle words.

Emil. But still in vain.

*Beggars from them a Charity implore,
Who have given all they had away before.*

Court. May I not know the happy man to whom you have given your heart? I wish——

Emil. What do you wish?

Court. The gift as welcome to him as it wou'd have been to me.

Enter Widow.

Emil. See my Cousin how sadly she approaches us, her eyes fixt on the ground, I warrant you she's thinking on the Colonel; she sees us not.

Wid. A Lover may, I find, as I have heard the Soldier does sometimes in heat of fight, receive a wound, and at the time not feel it : I did not think I lov'd the Colonel so well, I know not what to wish, I wou'd not have his madness real, and yet I'de have him love me too——Ha! my Cousin and her Servant. *[She sees them.]*

Emil. So thoughtful Cousin! this is not usual with you, you are thinking on your Soldier now, you are all War, there is no Peace within you.

Wid. I was contriving how I might make the counterfeit Mad-man discover himself, that we might all laugh at him, and make him mad in earnest.

Court. If that be the subject of your Study, you employ
your

your thoughts in vain Madam; we hoped at first he did but dissemble that distemper, but it is grown so strong upon him, and has daily such strange operations, that to our grief we find 'tis real, and he deserves your pity sure, since you have been his ruine.

Enter Tatle in haste.

Tat. Madam, Madam, Mistress Hood has prevail'd, the Monster is crawling up stairs, with a whole Furriers Shop on his back.

Wid. I cannot mind such follies now; Are you in earnest, Sir?

Court. I never practis'd to dissemble for my self, and cannot but speak truth for others.

Wid. If this be true, I shall deserve your pity too:

For though to him I've cruel seem'd, you'll find

'Tis to my self I have been most unkind.

[Exit Widow weeping.]

Court. It takes well.

Emil. I still believ'd she lov'd him, though she alwayes protested the contrary.

Tat. What shall we do Madam with this salamander?

Emil. Peace Wench, here he is.

Enter Furrs, James, Hood and Dameris.

Furrs. Your Servant Lady.

Emil. Your Servant Sir.

[A shout of Boys without: Enter a Foot-boy.]

Footboy. Alas! Madam, Madam.

Emilia. What's the matter Sirrah?

Enter Widow.

Wid. Alas, what's the meaning of this noise?

Boy. Madam, the Colonel is in a most frightful condition, walks the streets; here, he comes, look, look, Madam.

Enter Colonel his Face footy, they seem all amaz'd.

Furrs. Hide me James, what shall I do James? here is more treachery James, I fear.

James.

James. Alas, Sir, 'tis the Devil, I think you are too big for me to hide ; that's well, creep close, creep close Sir.

[*Furrs falls down and lies in a Corner.*]

Bold. Do you gaze upon me? I come to bring you News from *Lucifer*.

*In my Loves despair I fell
Down to that Furnace we call Hell :
The first strange thing that I did mark
Was many fires, and yet 'twas dark :
Instead of costly Arras there
The walls poor sooty hangings were ;
Spirits went about each Room
With pans of sulphur for perfume :
Sod tender Ladies in a pot
For broths, and jellies they had got ;
The spits were loaded with poor sinners
That Devils roasted for their dinners ;
While some were frying damned souls,
Others made rashers on the coals :
The waiting Women they did stew,
That robb'd their Ladies of their due :
Gamons of Us'ers down were taken,
That hung i'th' chimney for their bacon :
Here Lawyers bak'd in Ovens stand,
For couzening Clients of their Land :
Millions of souls, beyond expressing,
French Devils tortur'd in the dressing ;
To cool them there, they drunk instead
Of Beer huge draughts of molten lead ;
Burnt Claret they do never lack,
And all their Spanish is mul'd sack :
In throngs where new come sinners stood,
A Reverend Lady lost her hood :
A Chamber-maid cry'd out, alas,
A Devil had broke her Looking-glass ;
A Merchant cry'd, burnt was his stuff,
A City Wife did singe her Muff :*

A Purchaser

*A Purchaser did howling cry,
 Alas, his Deeds and Seals did fry:
 A Courtier lost his Perriwig,
 A Heitor lost his looking big:
 Of Whoremasters, there was great store
 Who pleaded, they'd been burnt before:
 The Drunkards that were in the rout,
 At last did piss the fires out:
 Hell being spoil'd I came away,
 And sinners now make holy day.*

[He spies Furrs.

Ha! what rugged Monster's that lies here?

Furrs. James, James, stand before and speak good James.

James. Thom of Lincoln Sir, the famous Bear.

Bold. And what art thou?

James. The Bear-ward Sir.

Bold. Stand off, I'll have that place my self, I'll set up my Bills, that the Gamesters of London, Horsleydown, Southmark, and New-market may come in, and bait him here before the Ladies; but first, Boy, go fetch me a Bag-pipe, we will walk the streets in triumph, and give the people notice of our sport; come forth Thom of Lincoln, come forth, I say.

Furrs. Alas, Sir, I am no Bear.

Bold. Ha! a voice, speak again, say what thou art.

Furrs. A poor unhappy man, Sir.

Bold. What is thy business here?

Furrs. Alas Sir, I was unfortunately brought hither by that oyl'd Woman.

Hood. He comes a wooing Sir, to my Lady Pleasant.

Bold. My Rival! Death, I'll tear thee limb from limb.

[*Bold, strips him.*

Furrs. Oh! Sir: James, good Gentlefolks let me not be worried to death.

Wid. Good Sir, what do you mean?

Bold. Let me alone, I will strip him naked, and set him in a tub of water up to the chin to quench the flame within his breast; no man shall love thee but my self.

Furrs. Alas, Sir, I detest her, I renounce her, Sir, here before

fore her face, I will never come where she is again.

Bold. Come along thou filthy, old, dissembling Fornicator; Boy, lead me to the Pump, I will rinse him as they do poor Wenches at the Inns of Court; are these gray hairs so hot to come a wooing?

Furrs. Help, help, Oh *James* help, help, I am ruin'd; I am lost for ever.

[*Exit Bold. dragging out Furrs.*]

Wid. Alas, Sir, for pity sake follow, and let him do no mischief.

[*Exit Courtly.*]

How came he in this sad condition?

Tat. His Servant told me, the man that shou'd have watch'd with him in his Chamber unfortunately fell asleep, and when he awaked mis'd him, none could imagine where he was, the door being kept lock'd; after they had searched every corner of the Chamber, they heard a voice cry out Hell, and Devils, directed by it, they found him some yards climb'd up the chimney, they pull'd him down, he broke loose, and the door being then open, he came running through the streets in this frightfull condition, all the way calling upon you.

Wid. Alas, poor Gentleman, let us go see what is become of him.

Ex. Wid. and Emilia.

Enter Sir Anthony.

Sir Anth. All's ready, if the Lady be but willing.

Hood. Much adoe I have prevail'd, I was not sparing in your Commendations, *Mistris Dameris.*

Sir Anth. Madam.

Hood. No complements, now time is precious *Sir Anthony*, where is the Parson?

Sir Anth. He stays below.

Hood. *Mistris Tatle*, will you be pleased to let us have the freedom of your room to dispatch a little business.

Tat. You may command it, the door is open.

Hood. Thank you sweet *Mistris Tatle*; take the Lady by the hand, and follow me *Sir Anthony.*

[*Exeunt Hood, Sir Anthony and Dameris. A noise without.*]

H

Enter

Enter Furrs running without his hat or coat, all wet.

Tat. Alas, Sir, how come you in this condition ?

Furrs. For Charity, dear Mistress *Tattle*, conceal me from the fury of this mad-man.

Tat. I know not where to put you, Sir.

Furrs. Any where, any where, good Mistress *Tattle*.

Tat. I know no place secure, but my own Chamber, and that wou'd bring a scandal upon me, shou'd it be known I hid you there.

[A noise without.]

Furrs. Oh ! good Mistress *Tattle*, quick, quick, he is at the door, he is at the door.

Tat. Well, upon condition you will engage to marry me afterwards, I will venture my Reputation to serve you.

Furrs. I will engage any thing, good Mistress *Tattle*, any thing.

Tat. Well, then follow me.

Fur. Quick, quick.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the Widow at one door, Courtly at another.

Wid. What have you done Sir, where is the Colonel ?

Court. Madam, much ado I have perswaded him into the next Chamber, and got him to permit a Barber, to restore him to his former complexion ; but he raves strangely, and calls upon you.

Wid. Alas poor Gentleman, I thought he did but counterfeit till now ; what means has been used, is there no way to restore him to himself again ?

Court. Madam, come along with me, and see him, your presence, and some kind words, may have a strange operation, if it does not cure, at least it will allay the distemper at present.

Wid. You flatter me too much, I dare not hope what you affirm.

[Exeunt.]

The

The Colonel in a Chair upon the Stage, and a Servant or two.

Bold. Sing the Song Boy you sung last night to make me sleep.

SONG.

*My Tomb shall be of black despair,
Fill'd with sad sighs instead of air;
Hung all with marks of cruelty,
Fit only for me there to lye;
There, while I grieve, the Mandrake's groan
Shall eccho back my dismal moan;
Under alone old reverend Oak
Whose bark's worn off, and arms all broke,
In Church-yard of mortality,
In melancholy shades I'll lye
Where nothing grows, for there's no birth,
No life from bare inspid earth.*

Enter Courtly, Widow and Emilia.

*No Epitaph, no, I'll have none,
But lost in time, as never known,
Ne're mention'd, but by all forgot,
That all may say, they knew me not:
Nor will I rise, lest I shou'd be
A witness how thou murderd'st me.*

Bold. rising out of the Chair takes the Widow by the hand.

Bold. *Unto a Feast I will invite thee,
Where various dishes shall delight thee;
The steaming vapours drawn up hot
From Earth, that's Nature's porridge-pot
Shall be our broth; we'll drink my dear
The thinner air for our small beer;
And if thou lik'st it not, I'll call aloud,
And make our Butler broach a cloud;*

Of paler Planets, for thy sake,
 White-pots, and trembling Custards make;
 The twinkling stars shall to our wish
 Make a Grand Salad in a dish;
 Snow for our sugar shall not fail,
 Fine candid ice, comfits of hail;
 For Oranges gilt clouds we'll squeeze,
 The milkie way we'll turn to cheese;
 Sun-beams we'll catch, shall stand in place
 Of hotter Ginger, Nutmegs, Mace;
 Sun-setting Clouds for Roses sweet,
 And Violet skies strow'd for our feet;
 The Sphears shall for our Musick play,
 While Spirits dance the time away;
 When we drink healths Jove shall be proud
 Th'old Cannoneer to fire a Cloud,
 That all the Gods may know our mirth,
 And trembling Mortals too on earth;
 And when our Feasting shall be done
 I'll lead thee up hill to the Sun,
 And place thee there that thy eyes may
 Add greater lustre to the day.

Wid. Heaven! what extravagance is this?

Bold. Boy, sing the Song I gave you last; you shall hear the Triumphs I intend you Lady.

SONG.

We'll plac'd in Loves Triumphant Chariot high
 Be drawn with milk-white Turtles through the skie,
 And have for Foot-men Cupids running by:

A Poet Coachman, with Celestial fire,
 His gentle whip of melting pure desire
 Shall drive us, while I do thy eyes admire.

Imperial

*Imperial Laurel deck our Temples round
As Victors, or as heated Poets crown'd,
Scorning to have commerce with the dull ground.*

*Thus we will drive o're mighty hills of snow,
Viewing poor mortal Lovers here below,
Wretches alas, that know not where we go.*

Bold. How like you the design, is it not rare?

Court. Admirable!

Bold. Why does the Lady weep?

[The Widow weeps.]

Emil. To see you in this sad condition, Sir.

Bold. May I believe her tears? they are not true.

Wid. As true as ever penitent shed for his sins.

Bold. You love me not so well to grieve for me.

Wid. I wish I had not g'in you cause to think I did not, and then I had not made my self unhappy.

Bold. Why, have not you a pretty Receipt Lady to cure these little extravagancies, and reconcile me to my wits again? What think you of a dark room, often letting blood in the forehead, under the tongue?

Court. Fontanel's Lady?

Emil. Purging by Hellebore, sleep provok'd by *Ladanum*.

Bold. Cou'd you think Madam I was such an Ass to love you, nay, to run mad for love of you! well, thou had'st more cause than other Women to weep at the death of thy Husband: Widow, that face cou'd ne'er hope to get another.

[The Widow offers to go away.]

Most cruel Tyrant stay.

Emil. And use him scurvily Cousin.

[They laugh at her.]

Wid. Let me go unworthy man.

Bold. Nay, I know thou lov'st me too well to leave me.

Court. Who ever thought to see this hard heart mollified?

Bold. Faith now I think on't I must leave thee Widow, I have an appointment at the Fleece; but if thou knew'st how much

much it grieves me—Go, go into thy Chamber, comfort thy self, lye down upon thy bed, and sigh away a day or two; I will be so kind, when I am at leisure, to come sometimes and laugh at thee : Farewell, farewell, Widow.

[Exit Colonel.

Emil. This is the manly temper you applaud Cousin, you love none but such as have a witty faculty of railing against Love and honest Women.

[Exit Widow.

Court. How strangely it has put her out of humour !

Emil. She will never forgive me when she knows I was privy to the Plot.

Enter Hood.

Hood. Oh dear Madam, I met the Colonel, and he saluted me very civilly, and speaks as if he were himself again.

Emil. I, I, he is well enough Mistress Hood, but my poor Cousin is almost distracted now.

Hood. It is impossible ! a Lady of her gay temper ! I was coming to make her merry, by acquainting her with what has happen'd; yonder has been joyning of hands, Sir Anthony has hudled up a match with Mistress Dameris, and Master Furrs has yoak'd himself to Mistress Tattle, to oblige her to conceal him from the fury of the Colonel.

Emil. Prithee go, and bring them hither, that we may wish them Joy, and see how fond they are of their bargains.

Hood. I will, Madam.

[Exit Hood.

Court. Pardon me Madam, if I trouble you once more with my unwelcome sute, let me but know the man you love.

Emil. You cannot be his enemy I'm sure.

Court. No, though he robs me of all my happiness, I shou'd but make my self more miserable by offending him, for whose misfortunes you must grieve.

Emil. I cannot speak his name, but you were the occasion that I saw him first.

Court. The Colonel, my friend?

Emil. It is——

Court.

Court. The same, is it not ?

Emil. His friend.

Court. What means that blush ?

Emil. Do you not know him yet ?

Court. The Colonels friend, you said, I think.

Emil. The Colonels friend.

Court. It is my self, he long has honour'd me with the name ;
speak, oh speak, and confirm me now in this.

Emil. I cannot tell you more, but I will never do a thing
shall give you cause to think it otherwise.

Court. *You so surprize me with my happiness,
My joy's too great, and sudden to express.*

*Enter Hood, Furrs, with a furr'd Mantle over his
shoulders, leading Tatle, sir Anthony
leading Dameris, and James.*

Furrs. Are you sure he is departed ?

James. I saw him go, Sir.

Furrs. I cannot brook the company of this mad Colonel ;
on my conscience, had not the fright kept me somewhat
warm, he had been the death of me ; come my Dear, thou
wilt be more comfortable to me in Bed than half a dozen blan-
kets ; the warmth we receive from a young Woman is more na-
tural and more operative.

Emil. How now *Tatle*, what is the meaning of this ?

Tat. Nothing, but what is honourable, Madam.

Furrs. Matrimony, Madam, I will sweat no more in For-
nication, nor will I hazard my self any more a Wooing.

Emil. I wish you joy, Sir.

Furrs. Thank you, thank you Lady.

Court. You have got a hopefull Wife, Sir.

Furrs. She knows how to make Caudles, Sack-poffets, and
Aleberries, can look well after my Linning, and keep we sweet
Sir ; can't thou not my Dear ?

Tatle.

Tat. I will do my endeavour, Sir; but I fear I shall have a hard task of that.

Furrs. Neighbour *Hood*, you have abus'd me now the second time.

Hood. Indeed, Sir——

Furrs. Nay, no excuses, no excuses, I forgive you woman, because you have made so good a bargain for my Daughter; I wish you much joy Sir, and you child.

Sir Anth. Your Daughter Sir! why? you were never married till now.

Furrs. 'Tis true Sir, 'tis true, but I had some communication with a Chamber-maid I kept.

Sir Anth. Where is this old Bawd?

Hood. You had best be civil, Sir.

Sir Anth. Did not you tell me she was Daughter and sole Heir to a very rich Old Gentleman?

Hood. Sole Daughter, Sir, I said.

Sir Anth. 'Death, am I cheated thus? I will be reveng'd on thee.

Furrs. Peace, peace, Sir, your anger will but make it worse, I will give her a brace of thousands, and if you use her well, a better penny.

Sir Anth. I must be pacified; 'Death, that I shou'd be gull'd thus!

Emil. I wish you Joy, Sir *Anthony*.

Court. You have snapt up the Young Heirefs, Sir *Anthony*.

Sir Anth. Wou'd you had snapt her up Sir; a Pox on an Heirefs.

Enter the Colonel.

Furrs. The Colonel, the Colonel again.

Hood. Fear not Sir, his mad fit is over.

Tattle. And you can assure him you are not his Rival now.

Bold. Joy, joy be to you all; here has been merry doings
I am

I am inform'd; where is the Widow? Sullen, and run into a corner?

Emil. I will go, and endeavour to perswade her hither.

Bold. You will do her a kind office Lady, for faith I am in a very pretty loving humour at present.

[*Exit Emil.*
Master Furrs, I am glad to see you such a happy man, make much of your Wife, and forgive me what has happen'd, and you will do well.

Furrs. With all my heart, good Sir, with all my heart, I forgive you: So, I begin to be my self again, I did not like the sight of him at first.

James. Sir——

Furrs. What say'st thou *James*?

James. I do intreat your Worship to speak a good word for me; there has been formerly treaties of marriage between *Mistress Hood* and my self, you know, but they have been unluckily broke off Sir.

Furrs. *Hood*, come hither *Hood*, here *James*, thou shalt have her in lawful solace.

Hood. Upon condition your Worship will put my life into the Copy-hold.

Furrs. It shall be done, it shall be done *Hood*.

James. Here's my hand upon it.

Hood. Well, 'tis a bargain then.

Enter Emilia and Widow.

Bold. Oh! Widow, art thou come?

Wid. Not to see you Sir, but to bid this good Company Joy.

Bold. Wilt thou not leave dissembling yet? come to the point quickly; Have not you a most vehement desire to have me to be your Bedfellow to night? speak, and speak truth.

Wid. I know not what good Conditions may perswade me
I to;

to ; but we shall scarce agree ourselves ; if you please to refer our differences , my Chaplain shall be the Arbitrator.

Bold. Widow , I know thou lov'st me , and I wou'd do any thing in reason , but this Marriage is such a melancholy business . : Do you see what a chearful look Sir *Anthony* has there ? any thing on this side that Precipice thou shalt command me : Faith , be not nice , nor foolish , many a good hearty meal has been made without saying any Grace.

Wid. Much may be done upon a good sharp stomach Sir.

Bold. And hast not thou been long kept hungry ? Well , give me thy hand , within this hour I will have lawful authority to towse thee , Widow.

Wid. It will become me then to be obedient Sir : Cousin *Emilia* , do you continue that little idle humour yet , of keeping that a secret , which your eyes and actions every hour discover Master ? *Courtly* —

Emil. You need not give your self the trouble Cousin to discover it , the secret is reveal'd already.

Court. We stand ready to follow you wheresoever the Colonel dares lead , and to make as bold a promise to each other as you shall.

Enter a Servant.

[Musick plays without.

Court. What is the meaning of this ?

Serv. The Musick have had notice of a Wedding , and are without , Sir.

Bold. Well , let the Chaplain be got ready in the mean time : because we stand so conveniently hand in hand ; we will have a Dance , bid the Musick play.

[They Dance.

After

*After the Dance, enter the Servant, and
whispers Courtly.*

Court. So, the Chaplain is ready, let us go in ; we that have
not yet enter'd into Bond , will Seal and Deliver, and then
we will all fall to telling of the money.

All the Men. Agreed, agreed !

Hold. A very good motion.

All the Men. A very good motion.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

(25)

After the Dance, enter the Sergeant, and
his Deputy.

Now, so the Sergeant is ready, let us go in; we must have
our money. (The Sergeant, will Seal and Deliver, and then
will all go to call for the money.)

Now, the Sergeant, stand!

My good motion.

Now, a very good motion.

Exeunt.

FINIS

Lienhard

November 17, 1874

Reverend E. F. Johnson

Licensed,

Novemb. 27. 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.


THE
Triumphant VVidow,
OR THE
MEDLEY of HUMOURS.

A
COMEDY,
Acted by HIS
ROYAL HIGHNES's
SERVANTS.

Written by
His Grace the DUKE of Newcastle.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. M. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of
the Blew Anchor in the Lower-Walk of the
New-Exchange, 1677.



Dramatis Personæ.

Lady Haughty,
Isabella,
Nan,
Mall,
Cicely,
Margaret,
Codshead,
Crambo,

Justice Spoilwit,

Sir John Daddys

Doctor.

John,

James,

Gervas,

Fidlers.

Footpad *three more,*

Constable, Officers.

Rabble of Men and Women.

The Triumphant Widow.

Her Kinswoman

Lady Haughty's Woman.

The Chamber-maid.

The Dairy-maid.

Another Chamber-maid.

A Coxcomb.

His Friend an Heroick Poet.

*{ A foolish old Justice much
affected with clinching.*

*{ An archWag, a Coxcomb full
of Monkey-tricks.*

The Cook.

The Butler.

The Grange-man.

Rogues.



THE

(1)

THE
Triumphant Widow,
OR THE
MEDLEY of HUMORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Footpad with four more Rogues.

Footpad. NATURE never contrived so fit a place for the Retreat of Rogues as this, where we have found a Cave the Sun never saw, where we have our Lodging and Tying-room; for your compleat Rogue must shift as often as your Player: I hate a Fool that will set up upon single stealing, any Block-head may do't.

1 *Rogue.* Well said, Noble Captain *Footpad*, you are a brave Rogue Commander both of Courage and Conduct.

2 *Rogue.* And truly we have rob'd as comfortably under you, as ever we did under any man.

3 *Rogue.* We were once sixteen of a Company, but this vile staple Commodity of Hemp has snatch'd away a dozen of the Number.

4 *Rogue.* But, Captain, this place is better than you think, for hard by here lives a wealthy Widow, young and handsome, she keeps a noble House, and has many Suitors, and a vast Resort of Gentry coming daily to her House, there will be prey enough for us.

Footpad. I know't, good Sir, I did not chuse this place for nothing: well the Trade of Rogues, a noble Trade, and thrives with many Professions; sometimes Rogue appears like a Gentleman, then Rogue walks like a great Man; but is in-

B

deed

deed very like a Lawyer; sometimes he is like a Scholar, but indeed they are most like Fools.

4 *Rogue*. Oh! but Rogue is very like a Politician Captain.

2 *Rogue*. And like a Courtier too i'faith.

3 *Rogue*. But is indeed the same with a Citizen.

Footpad. Indeed it fits all Trades, and Country-men; the Souldier's poor without it; the Gamester cannot live without it.

1 *Rogue*. Seamen may scape it; for I have heard they are very conscientious.

2 *Rogue*. O yes, especially Pirates.

Footpad. Oh! but Rogue fits an Attorney admirably, it sticks to him like his green Wax, the Attorney is married to't till death them depart: in short, Mankind is one great, very great Rogue.

All. Ah, brave Captain.

2 *Rogue*. Well said, noble Captain.

Footpad. But Roguing will not last long in one shape, I must shift like a Cameleon upon every occasion; for my Charter of Rogue allows me the freedom of using of all Trades and Callings.

3 *Rogue*. Truly, Captain, you can appear in any Profession, 'tis a great mercy you were well bred; for none but a man of good Breeding could have made so good a Rogue.

Footpad. I am beholden to my Parents for that, truly they did breed me very well, rest their Souls, they were both slain at Tyburn, I heard 'em there at *Good people take warning*, but I had more Grace than to take it, but for my first transformation, I mean to turn Pedler, for I have left a Pedler fast asleep under a Hedge, I have stolen his Pack, and bound him, and now I am set up.

1 *Rogue*. How will you dispose of us?

Footpad. Be gone to your retreat, when craft is to be used I'll do't my self, when violence you shall assist me.

4 *Rogue*. But, good Captain, let us comfort and confirm our selves with the Catch you made upon our Vocation of Thieving, before we go.

Footpad. Come on.

They

They sing.

*Since ev'ry Profession's become a lewd Cheat,
And the little, like fish, are devour'd by the great ;
Since all Mankind use to rob one another ;
Since the Son robs the Father, the Brother the Brother ;
Since all sorts of men such Villains will be,
When all the World plays the Rogue, why should not we ?*

All. Ah brave Captain.
Ah noble Captain.
Ah brave Captain.

Enter Gervas and Cicely, with another Maid.

Footpad. Let's away, I'll to my Pack, here come Customers, that young Wench will be overjoy'd at the sight of a Pedler.

[*Ex. Footpad with Rogues.*

Gervas. Sweet *Cicely*, how long have you intosticated me? I never was good Market-man since I had honestly a mind to your body, that's the truth on't.

Cicely. How can I help that? I never did any thing to you in my life, not I.

Gervas. You look so sweetly upon me, you make my mouth water extremely, therefore if you like me so, if not, tell me; for would I might ne're stir, I'll not be so muddled again for all your Dairy, with all the product of Cream, Custard, and Sullibubs, not I.

Cicely. Truly, *Gervas*, I cannot love.

Gervas. Love, why thou art a lusty Wench, and that will provoke thee, Love is nothing but being lusty, the rest is twittle twattle: they say Love is a Boy, by the Mass I think Love is a Girl by that: it may be you young Wenches think Love is a Boy, you love Boys too well to the disgrace of Beards. Ah consider, you know not what a man is, I would fain have you know me, there is pith, there is pith in a man, and that thou shalt find to thy cost, if thou'lt but marry me, by the Mass.

B 2

Cicely,

Cicely. Why, *Gervas*, I must think of it.

Gervas. Nay if you think of it, or I either, we shall never do't; let us marry first, and think of it afterwards, as most do: why, *Cicely*, I will give you a white Fustian Waistcoat, and a brave Stamel Petticoat, regarded with black Velvet.

Cicely. Guarded sure you mean, *Gervas*.

Gervas. Guarded, pish that's but one Guard, and regarded is two, at the least, you have no Language or Expression. You are no Scholar, *Cicely*, one is the Singular Number, and two is the Plural, Oh a Grammarian is a fine thing, I will give you three, that's the Plural Number indeed.

Cicely. I thank you, *Gervas*; but what must I give you again?

Gervas. A little thing that shall cost thee nothing, *Cicely*, Oh for a blessed Pedler, if it be thy will; for there are more Wenches won, with their Trinkets, than with any we have about us; mass wish and have. Look where he is, peace.

Enter Footpad like a Pedler.

Footpad sings.

*Come, Maids, what is it that you lack?
I have many a fine knack
For you in my Pedler's Pack.
Your Sweet hearts then kindly smack,
If they freely will present you,
And with Trinkets will content you.*

Cicely. Oh rare, how rarely he sings!

*[Three or four Maids and Men come running,
crying, Oh here's the Pedler, the Pedler.]*

Footpad sings.

*Brushes, Combes of Tortoise shell
For your money I will sell,
Cambrick, Lawn as white as milk,
Taffata as soft as silk,
Garters rich, with silver Roses,
Rings with moral divine Posies.*

I. Maid.

1 Maid. Oh what brave things he has got!

2 Maid. Peace, peace, let him troll it away, he sings curiously.

Footpad sings.

*Rainbow-Ribbands of each colour,
No walking Shop yet e're was fuller,
Various Points and sev'ral Laces
For your Boddies straight embraces,
Silver Bodkins for your hair,
Bobs, which Maidens love to wear.*

1 Man. Oh this is a rare Fellow, I warrant he's pure Company.

2 Man. I warrant you he is very ingenious, peace.

Footpad sings.

*Here are various Pick-tooth Cases,
And the finest Flanders Laces,
Cabinets for your fine Doxies,
Stoppers and Tobacco Boxes,
Crystal Cupids Looking-glasses
Will enamour all your Lasses.*

Cicely. Sure, Gervas, this is the Kings Pedler, he has such rare things about him, and he sings like a Nightingal.

Gervas. I believe he's the Kings Pedler indeed.

Footpad sings.

*Fine gilt Pray'r Books, Catechisms,
What is Orthodox, or Schisms,
Or for loyal Faith defendant
Presbyter, or Independent;
Ballads fresh, all singing new,
And all those Ballets too are true.*

Gervas. That's rare, come let's see 'em.

1 Man. Let me see.

2 Man. Stand away, let me come.

Gervas.

Gervas. You come! stand away, you Puppy, you have no judgment.

Cicely. Oh pray let *Gervas* see, he has a notable vein this way.

1 Maid. Ay, pray let *Gervas* see.

Gervas. Oh Ballets, fine Ballets, Oh I love a Ballet but e'ne too well, Heaven forgive me, for being so given to the love of Poetry. What are the Contents of this, for I scorn to read.

Footpad. Marry, Sir, a most lamentable business.

Gervas. Oh it's no matter, so it be a fine Ditty.

Cicely. Oh I love a melancholy Ditty, I can weep at a Ballet so sweetly——

Footpad. Why it is of a Virgin of thirteen or fourteen that dy'd a Maid, that's the truth on't.

Gervas. Nay I'll be hang'd then, thirteen or fourteen, and die a Maid? it cannot be now a days.

1 Man. What a scandalous World this is, to abuse a poor Girl so.

Gervas. Ay, and after her death too.

Cicely. Methinks they should have more conscience, than to speak ill of the dead.

Gervas. First and formost, I hope she had more Grace than to die so, I speak like a Christian.

2 Man. If she did die so, mercy of her say I, that's charitable I'm sure.

Gervas. If she did die so, let it be a warning to you Maids, to shun such abominable ways.

Cicely. I hope it will, *Gervas*, be a warning, an' we had but Grace.

1 Maid. Yes we should lay it to heart, and take warning.

2 Man. Look here, what fine Ballet's this?

Footpad. This is a very strange Ballet, of a lusty Widow.

Gervas. A lusty Widow is no strange thing.

Footpad. Yes a lusty Widow, that lives and dies chastly.

Gervas. Is't possible a lusty Widow live and die chaste?

2 Man. Lord, Lord, what lying things these Ballets are and to be in print too!

Footpad

Footpad. All the Parish Hands are to the Certificate to confirm it.

2 Man. Puh, 'twas plain malice in 'em, to asperse a lusty Widow so.

Gervas. The Parish should have had a lusty young Vicar, and he'd have converted her i'faith. Maids have a care; for you hope to be Widows, have a care I say of dying chaste.

Cicely. Well, we'll think on't; but pray let's see his Ware.

Gervas. How now, *Cicely*, you are a Wag, have patience, and he will shew you all. Oh vile Flesh and Blood! Oh corrupt Nature, to despise the edification of Ballets: but what's this?

Footpad. A Ballet of a Courtier that died rich.

Gervas. That's a miracle indeed, I warrant he cozen'd many a poor body for't.

Footpad. No, Sir, he scorn'd to meddle with the poor.

Gervas. That shew'd he had some conscience; but Oh *Cicely*, here's the brave Ballet you and I use to sing, I know it by the Picture.

Cicely. Oh pray let's sing it.

They sing.

Gervas. *To Fayrs and Markets I did go,*

Cicely. *And I did follow you, you know.*

Gervas. *As I return'd, I threw you down*

Cicely. *Upon the Grass,*

Gervas. *My sweetest Lads;*

And so did give you a green Gown.

Cicely. *But if it chance my BeLly swell,*

Gervas. *Then will Marriage hide it well.*

Cicely. *Your Son and Heir, or Daughter fair,*
If you'll not stay,

Gervas. *But run away,*
Is left unto the Parish care.

Enter a Servant in haste.

Serv. Oh, Sirs, my Lady wants ye, there are a great sort of strangers that are to come to dine here, and none of ye in the way to receive Orders, come away.

1 Man.

1 Man. Come, honest Pedler, up with your Pack, and follow us, we'll make you welcome i' faith.

Gervas. We'll buy all his Trinkets to the last Jet Ring, or inch of Inkle, we'll hamper him i' faith, we'll leave him nothing.

Footpad. Bless you, bless you till I complain.

1 Man. Nay, *Gervas*, you shall go with us, and these Maids too come along.

Cicely. Ay, good *Gervas*, let's follow the Pedler.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II. *The Garden.*

Lady Haughty, *Isabella* her Kinswoman, *Nan* her Waiting Gentlewoman.

Lady. Well, *Nan*, have you given order to all the Servants to be ready, and to mind their business?

Nan. I have, Madam.

Lady. And whom shall I be troubled with to day, what Suitors, what Guests?

Nan. Sir *John Noddy*, Madam, has sent word he'll wait on you. Oh he's the finest merry Gentleman.

Lady. Oh do you name him first? my Woman is my Rival, Cousin, there, she is a well-wisher to that Knight; therefore we must speak well of that Coxcomb before her: but who else dines here?

Nan. Justice *Spoilwit*, then Colonel *Bounce*.

Lady. Worthy men indeed, we have a Coxcomb that lies in the house too, Mr. *Codsheed*, I think he will not be answered with his Friend and Governor Mr. *Crambo*, a Heroick Poet.

Isab. Your Ladiships House I think is the Exchange for Suitors, the Dining-room is always full of Lovers of you, and the Hall always full of eating Parsons, and other Lovers of lusty Dinners; but, Madam, every body wonders, that your Ladiship keeps open House to all Suitors, and yet denies 'em every one their Suit of Love.

Lady.

Lady. I have answer'd most of the men of sense, but the turbulent Fools will still pester me: how I despise the little follies of Mankind, the little subtilties they think to intrap a Woman with, too cheap to cozen Babies with! I will triumph over all the overweening Fools, and still preserve the freedom of a Widow.

Isab. Your Ladiship is in the right; for Marriage now enslaves the Wife, but sets the Husband free.

Nan. But methinks solitary Widowhood is but an uncomfortable condition: can no man be fit for your choice?

Lady. None.

Nan. What says your Ladiship to a Souldier?

Lady. Oh he's too boisterous, I shall have no conversation from him, I shall hear of nothing but *Naseby*, *Edgehill* the first, and second *Newbery*, *Marston-Moor*, and the rest, nothing but of roaring Cannon, Battel, Murther, and sudden death; all his Discourse disordered and confused like a routed Army, one had as good converse with a Drum: besides they are debauch'd in drink, which is a great enemy to the civility that's due to a Wife.

Nan. What says your Ladiship to a Lawyer then?

Isab. A Lawyer! there's a Husband, what with his Terms, and his Circuits, a Wife may go hang her self for his company.

Lady. Right, Cousin, there's no enduring on't, unless it were lawful to make a Letter of Attorny to a Gallant; what should one do, there are so many Geofails, a Lawyer only makes his Entry to hold his Claim, that's all, I'll none of him.

Nan. What says your Ladiship to a Bishop?

Isab. A Bishop! why he cannot confer Honour upon his Wife; should I marry a Bishop, it would be your Lordship to him, and to me how do you, Mistress: no, I would draw in an equal yoke, when I do draw.

Lady. Besides he'll not be govern'd, he'd not let a Woman be Head of the Church; this makes a Wife show like a Concubine, which shows Marriage is unlawful to the Priesthood; then he entertains his Wife, as if he were teaching a Boy
C
Greek,

Greek, as if we had no capacities but accidental.

Isab. You had best marry him, *Nan*, and let some Gentleman have good luck to Horse-flesh by you.

Nan. But, Madam, a rich Citizen is a brave thing.

Lady. I hate to see a Husband walk the length of his Shop as a Fox, or a Civet-Cat does the length of his Chain, backward and forward, backward and forward.

Isab. And then his House is so dark, as if he were mad, and put there to recover his Wits.

Lady. And a Garden scarce big enough to lye at length, and be buried in.

Isab. 'Tis a fine sight to see him strut ten yards before one on a Sunday to Church.

Lady. And if he be Sheriff or Lord Mayor, 'tis a comely sight to see him on a grey Gelding, with golden Trappings, sit in Judgment over penny Loaves and pounds of Butter.

Isab. Or to see him sleep over Malefactors at the Old-Baily.

Lady. Out on 'em, from their Custards, Fox-furs, gold Chains, seal'd Rings, gold fring'd Gloves, little Cuffs, Chamolet Cloaks, and little plain Bands, Heaven deliver me.

Nan. You are very hard to please, but a Country Gentleman is —

Lady. Not to be endured, his head's full of nothing but Dogs and Hawks, and the House pester'd with here a Marrow-bone, there the excrement of a Dog, there the muting of a Hawk.

Isab. Out on 'em, Country Gentlemen take more delight in Beasts than in Women.

Lady. And he's no company, yet talks as confidently, as if he talked well, and as loud always, as if he were at a Horse-Race, a Bowling green, or a Cock-pit: I like him not.

Nan. Well, I'm sure a young Heir newly of Age, whose Father died young will fit you.

Lady. No, no, they are all Fools, caudled up by their Mothers.

Nan. Why there's it, Madam, are not some Wives twenty, nay some thirty years before they can make their Husbands Fools, and you shall have him to the first day, is not that to your advantage?

Isab.

Isab. Well said, *Nan*, that was home.

Lady. Oh but, *Nan*, your Squire Fool is a stubborn Animal, your dandled Fool made my young Master, by the flattery of old Serving-men and Country Neighbours, a wise man is more easily govern'd.

Nan. Ay, Madam, but I do not mean such a young Heir, I mean one that's a Scholar, and has been at the University.

Isab. Nay, *Nan*, there you are out, such a Fool will be so peremptory, because he can conster and perse a little Greek or Latine, to think himself a wise man.

Lady. That's true, Cousin, such Fools as value themselves upon Languages, never consider Language is but a Trunk to convey our meanings by; for ought I know Welch is as good as Hebrew; a Dictionary is no wise book, nor a walking Dictionary a wise man.

Isab. Suppose he has three words, Hebrew, Greek, and Latine for that Tree, he understands no more of it, than I do by the word Tree, nor the use of it more.

Lady. Right, Cousin, only his head is pester'd with three words more than I have, which is to his disadvantage; for men whose heads are full of words, are always empty of sense.

Nan. Madam, your Ladiship is so hasty; I'de have him after he has been at the University, to be bred well at the Inns of Court.

Lady. Now you have hit it, one must needs be a dull Fellow, who eats nothing but dry Loins of Mutton, and pores all day upon huge Volumes of Reports, and Year-books, and Presidents, or trots to *Westminster*, and fills his Note-books with the Opinions of old Gentlemen in Coiffs, and when they have got Law, they think they have got the very guts of knowledge; but their Worships are mistaken, Wisdom and Knowledge cannot be lost: but where was their Law in the Rebellion? The Conqueror always makes Law, and alters Divinity as he pleases.

Isab. And upon such an alteration, where would be the wisdom or usefulness of Lawyers and Parsons?

Nan. Your Ladiship is very nice, I rather than have no Husband,

Husband, would have all the ill qualities of all these put into one man, and take him for a Husband, and without so much as a shirt too, or hopes of ever getting one.

Lady. Indeed, *Nan*, you are in a very desperate condition.

Enter Codshead and Crambo.

Isab. Yonder's *Codshead* and *Crambo*, good Madam, let's in and dress our selves.

Lady. Let's avoid 'em.
Come on.

[*Ex. Lady, Isabella, and Nan.*

Cramb. Lord, what ail you, Mr. *Codshead*, this morning? I never saw you in such a dump before.

Codsh. Faith I am as dull as a Dog, the Devil take me, and as lazy as a Dog i'faith.

Cramb. Why what's the matter, man?

Codsh. Why I was drunk as a Dog last night with the Butler i'faith, and I am sleepy as a Dog this morning, and cold as a Dog i'faith; but the Devil take me, I made the Butler spew like a Dog, and when I had done, I e'en left him, for he frunk like a Dog, and I warrant him he is as sick as a Dog; but for all that I am as hungry as a Dog, i'faith, for my stomach never fails me.

Cramb. Will you never leave off your Similes of a Dog? I have told you of this, why the Widow is a witty Woman, and will laugh at you extremely, and she'l never marry one she laughs at.

Codsh. Faith they lye so readily at one's tongue's end, I cannot avoid them, I hate to pump for a Simile; but the dear Dog serves one upon all occasions, as lean as a Dog, as ill-natur'd as a Dog, as dry as a Dog, as hot as a Dog, as cholerick as a Dog, as lame as a Dog, as deaf as a Dog, and a matter of a hundred and fifty more; but since you say the Widow will laugh, I will bite my tongue, but I'll avoid it.

Cramb. Practise before-hand, and see if you can talk without it.

Codsh. Faith I must have some other Phrase then, now don't I know what to say, I am as heavy and as dull as a Devil,

Devil, what a Devil shall I say to this Widow? Gad take me, she is as coy as a Devil, that is, she seems to be, but she'll dissemble like the Devil; Pox on't I am as sick as a Devil, I am in no humour to make Love, and this scurvy Widow is as proud as the Devil, the Devil take her.

Cramb. Lord, what a stir is here with the Devil! this is as bad as a Dog.

Codsh. No, the Devil's fitter for a Gentleman than a Dog, I hope; but I may use such Similes as these, as brown as a Berry, red as a Rose, black as Jet, soft as Silk, round as a Ball, sweet as Honey, drunk as an Owl, as strong as a Horse, as dull as an Ox, &c. Faith these are fine smart things in discourse, and fill up finely.

Cramb. Out on 'em common and dull, fit for Fellows of no sense, the Widow will never endure them, I can assure you, if you mean to get her, leave 'em.

Codsh. Pox on her for me, I don't know what I shall do with her, I must have something to fill up the chinks of my discourse. If you forbid me these excellent Similes, I must swear and curse bloodily, the Devil take me.

Cramb. And be damn'd will you?

Codsh. So one be damn'd like a Gentleman, with a good grace, especially when 'tis the fashion to be damn'd too, I think he's a strange ridiculous Fellow, that will take exceptions at it (for my part) I'm sure no Man of Honour will, they know better what belongs to a Gentleman than so.

Cramb. There's not so foolish and impertinent a sin as Swearing, not natural, no pleasure, though the rest of the deadly sins are pleasant, very pleasant.

Codsh. I never saw such a man in my life, may not one swear by Heavens?

Cramb. Why, that was an Oath in Kings James his time, and exploded long since.

Codsh. I have heard it was used in those days, when holy Anchorites called roaring Boys, dwelt in Milford-lane; but what say you to by my truly?

Cramb. 'Tis a childish Oath.

Codsh. Believe me 'tis pretty methinks.

Cramb.

Cramb. Believe me ! why there's another, who will believe one another ? now are not these foolish and unnecessary words ?

Codsh. What say you to Faith and Troth ? for I must have some word or other.

Cramb. Faith and Troth ! why there's no Faith nor Troth amongst men now a days.

Codsh. Oh Lord, I have found out the finest, prettiest, innocent word, I'm sure will please you, Adaid, ah adaid, no adad, that's fine, very fine Adad.

Cramb. That's a silly word fit only for Fanaticks to cheat with.

Codsh. What shall I do ? What shall I do ? I have found it now I'm sure, as I am an honest man, as I am an honest man, so it be spoke loud and heartily, with your hand at your breast, and repeated often.

Cramb. Men may use that Phrase, and never be forsworn in this Age, but I'll not allow you that, nor by this light, they're Milliners Oaths, and Haberdashers of small Wares to cozen with.

Codsh. Mercy upon me, what will become of me ? but I will use one word in despite of the Devil, as she is deadly handsome, deadly pretty, her complexion is deadly lovely.

Cramb. If you do use it, you will lose a friend of me, and I'm sure my Lady will laugh at you immoderately, 'tis ridiculous, deadly lively.

Codsh. Will you give me leave then to curse ? as a Plague on you, *Jack*, a Pox take you for an arch Rogue, or so ?

Cramb. By no means, men are apt enough to the Pox, without your cursing, if you mean the great Pox.

Codsh. Great Pox ! what should I mean, the small Pox ? rake you ; that's not worth the cursing ; but to a proud Lady's face 'tis a foolish sniveling curse, I would as soon say the measles rake you.

Cramb. But none of these will I allow you, they'r foolish affectations not to be endur'd.

Codsh. You are very rigid, what will become of me ? neither as hungry as a Dog, nor as proud as a Devil, nor as drunk

drunk as an Owl, nor no full-mouth'd Oaths, nor midling Oaths, nor your pretty little, little Oaths, nor Curses neither; why a fashionable Gentleman should not speak at all by these Laws; if these were strictly observed, our Gallants would be dumb, for they cannot speak without them. Would you have a Gentleman to make signs, or say nothing but ah, ah, ah, like a Turkish Mute?

Cramb. Better than to talk affectedly or nonsensically; why should men be so foolish to use unnecessary words?

Codsh. Oh lamentable! unnecessary do you call 'em? Swearing is very necessary in many cases, as in an Army for an Officer; if he says, Truly I will break your head, or, Truly I will hang you, the Souldier will not believe it; but if he lifts up his Cane, and cry Zounds, I'll pay you, he'll crouch and obey.

Cramb. This is a senseless error, no man is thought honest, valiant, or truer of his word for swearing, they swear on purpose to cozen, these foolish by-words are nothing but custom, try and break your self on't, or you will certainly be laugh'd at, and lose this Widow.

Codsh. Well for your sake I will try, but I shall ne're do't, at least I shall have no joy in discourse, it will be so dull and heavy.

Cramb. You are mistaken, try in private.

Codsh. I will; but 'tis very hard, I'll to my Chamber and practise.

Cramb. Do so, and let's meet at dinner.

[Exeunt]

ACT

A C T II.

Enter Justice Spoilwit, and a Servant of the House.

Just. **I**s my Lady at home?

Serv. She is, Sir, but she's in her Chamber dressing.

Just. Prethee Friend call the Butler, that I may have a Cup of Sack before Dinner.

Serv. I will, an' please your Worship.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

Enter Colonel Bounce.

Just. Whom have we here? *Coll. Bounce?* Gad save you.

Coll. How do'st thou honest Justice Spoilwit?

Just. Thank ye *Coll.* but what wind brings you hither?

Coll. Why faith there is here a rich, and they say, a merry good humor'd Widow; and if she thinks fit, I'll venture my body with her in lawful Wedlock.

Just. But I will forbid the Banes, good Colonel *Bounce.*

[*Aside.*]

Enter Sir John Noddy.

Sir John. Fa, la, la, la, Oh honest Justice, how is it?

Just. *Sir John Noddy!* in good faith I am heartily glad to see you, now we are compleat, we shall be as merry as the Maids; *Coll.* this is a Friend of mine, pray know him.

Sir John. Noble *Coll.* I kiss your hands.

Coll. Your Servant, Sir: prethee Justice what Butterfly is this?

Just. Oh he is a very witty merry Knight, he's of the *Noddy's* of the North, an arch Wag indeed, la.

[*The Justice leans upon his Cane, Sir John Noddy strikes it away, and the Justice is ready to fall upon his Nose.*]

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, brave Justice, ha, ha.

Just. Ha, ha, ha, ha, well go thy ways, thou art an arch one, you would make one die with laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Coll. mocking them. Ha, ha, ha, ha, i'faith, Sir, you would make

make one die with laughing, Pox on him : is this a merry, witty Knight, with his Monkey tricks ?

Sir John. Faith I love to be merry, my Lord, my Neighbour is so pleas'd with me, he'l never be without me.

Just. Indeed, Colonel, he's excellent company, he would make one burst with laughing.

Sir John. I remember yesterday at my Lords, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Just. What *Sir John* ! ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. I laid a hot stone in the Window, and his Man Tom came, and ha, ha, ha, did so horribly, ha, ha.

[*The Justice all the while laughs with him.*]

Col. What burn him ?

Sir John. Ay, ay, and he threw it away, and ran for Sallet-oil, ha, ha, ha, it had like to have kil'd my Lord.

Just. Ha, ha, ha, very good, nay you are the best at these things in the world, i'faith he is Colonel.

Col. As God save me, but if he should use me so, I would beat him exceedingly.

Sir John. Another time one of my Lords Men stood very soberly, I held my finger thus, and called him *Jack* of a sudden, and he turn'd suddenly, and hit his Nose such a bump, ha, ha, ha, I had almost died with laughing, and all that were by laugh'd so it was wonderful : my Lord hearing it ask't what was the matter, which they told him, then says he, I thought it could be no body but my Neighbour *Jack Noddy* ; for there is not such a witty Fellow in the whole Country again.

Just. No more there is not i'faith, *Sir John*.

Col. The Devil take me, if I see any such thing, he is for ought I see a most gross, absurd Coxcomb.

Sir John. But says my Lord, these are gifts that Nature bestows on men, on some more, on some less, as she pleases : his Lordship is in the right, they are gifts, that's the truth on't, but ha, ha, ha. I remember another was standing by the fire, I heated the great end of my Riding-rod, and put it in his hand, he flew such a way, ha, ha, ha, from the fire, oh, oh, oh, oh : Men, Women, and Children laugh'd so horribly, swear-

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ing

ing that Sir John Noddy was the best company in the Earth, and the wittiest Gentleman.

Just. Look you there, Colonel, he is a very merry, brisk, facetious person indeed.

Col. He is a very witty person indeed.

Sir John. Alas, Sir, no not I, not I by no means, Sir, yet I swear my Lord will seldom be without me, especially at *Christmas*, if I be but away a fortnight at any time, he sends poste for me, he cannot be without me.

Col. Does no body ever take you on the pate for these things?

Sir John. No, no, sometimes they'll say Leave your fooling, or I'll knock you, I vow I'de teach you better manners, were it not for my Lord, or so; then I laugh and protest I meant 'em no harm, and drink drunk with 'em, and all's well again.

Just. Ay, ay, why who can take such pretty innocent mirth ill?

Sir John. And then I entertain them well at my house, and my Sister makes much of them, they love me the best of any Gentleman in the Shire of any Quality.

Col. I find you have a very good Sister, that will make much of people.

Sir John. I, Sir, she's as good a Sister as any man has, I thank God.

Col. Justice. one word with you, does he come to make love to the Widow?

Just. I believe he does.

[*Sir John gives the Justice a jerk in the Ham, and laughs.*]

Sir John. Ha, ha, oh, ph, hum.

Just. Ha, ha, ha, oh, oh, um, get you gone, you Wag.

Sir John. This is a Trick I, have made my Lord laugh with, till he has been ready to fall down.

Col. For ought I hear he is the merriest Lord in Europe.

Enter the Butler.

Just. Oh how now, James, art thou come?

Butler.

Butler. I am glad to see your Worship well, Sir John I am your Worship's humble Servant.

[*Sir John beats the Butler's Hat out of his hand.*]

Just. & But. Ha, ha, your Worship will never leave *ler laugh.* [these things, ha, ha.]

Just. Ha, ha, ha, well you are the very st arch one; but dear Sir John forbear, you will kill me with laughing, I shall break a vein i' faith.

Butler. Come, Gentlemen, will you please to take a cast of my Office, and take a Cup of lusty Canary or *March Beer*, that will make a Cat speak.

Sir John. Well said, James; but where's my Lady?

Butler. Not drest yet: come, Gentlemen, be pleased to walk in the while, her Ladiship's a dressing.

Just. Come, Gentlemen, I am for a Cup of Sack before Dinner clearly.

[*Sir John takes the Justices Cane, and sets it before James, who falls down.*]

Just. Ha, ha, oh, oh, forbear, good Sir John, or I must leave you, I am not able to endure it, ha, ha, oh, oh, um,

Sir John. Faith I cannot help it, I love to be merry, ha, ha, ha.

James. Nay I know your Worship will never leave, till your mouth be cold, as the saying is, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt omnes laughing.*]

Enter Codhead, walks musing.

Codsh. Ha, you are all my Rivals, but there's ne're a handsome Fellow amongst them, the Devil take me; I am cursing again like a Devil; look there again, like a Devil, what shall I do to speak? I see the Justice is going with the Butler, he will be as drunk as an Owl — drunk as an Owl, why there 'tis again! I will bite my tongue like a Devil, but, that I'll remember it, again like a Devil! I shall be undone, what will become of me? I am in a desperate condition, Gad take me I shall lose the Widow: now am I swearing again, I will bite my

my tongue enough to remember it ; let me see your eyes, Madam, your bright eyes ; ah it was a coming ; your bright eyes have so enslaved me, that the De---- (ah it was just a coming there) that I can no longer, as I ho--- there it was again ; that, Madam, I can no longer call my heart my own ; that was pretty well---- You are the pretty Thief that stole it, and go---- O Lord it was e'en out, this is a cruel pain ; but, Madam, think me not rude, if I apprehend your Ladyship for this Love-felony : for if you do not restore my heart, or---- give me some comfort, the---- oh I shall be as dull as a---- oh hold, hold, it must be overcome with great labour and industry. Well before I marry her, I will do what I can to abstain ; but when I have her, I am resolved to take my full swing : ha, there was a whole sentence without oaths or curses.

Enter Crambo.

Crambo. Oh Mr. *Codshead*, I am glad to see you alone, you have been practising.

Codsh. I have a little I'm sure, I sweat for't.

Crambo. Come pray let me hear how you have profited.

Codsh. I shall never do't ; yet just now when I was a practising, methought I did it pretty well, I see I must take great pains for it.

Crambo. Try I'll help you, begin some discourse.

Codsh. Just now I met *Blunderbus*, my Neighbour, coming to the house.

Crambo. Did you ?

Codsh. I vow 'tis true.

Crambo. I vow !

Codsh. The Devil take me else.

Crambo. What swear and curse !

Codsh. Oh I beg your pardon with all my heart.

Crambo. What said he to you ?

Codsh. Why he said he was as lean as a Dog, and fallen away like a Devil.

Crambo. Dog and Devil again !

Codsh. He said I would not say't for a thousand pound, he said too I look'd as thin as a Shrimp.

Crambo.

Crambo. Thin as a Shrimp! pish you forget.

Codsh. No, I tell you he said, What no difference of persons! take me with such a trick, and hang me.

Crambo. Hang ye! that's fine.

Codsh. Lord, I never saw such a man in my life, why that was not in my Lesson; but to go on, I am sure if I look lean, this restraint must cause it, for want of due swearing and cursing, and some graceful expressions, I'm very much heart-burnt for want of 'em I'll swear.

Crambo. You swear.

Codsh. No, I said I would swear, but I did not.

Crambo. Why then you did lie.

Codsh. Why shall a Gentleman have no liberty, neither swear nor lie, nor any thing? this is to give over being a Cavalier, I had rather be a Cobbler, he may swear and lie, and do what he will.

Crambo. So this was well, you begin to mend, try once again; what would you say, if you were with my Lady?

Codsh. Thus, Madam, I never saw so pretty a white Devil.

Crambo. Again at the Devil!

Codsh. Ay, a white Devil, why 'twas a black one you forbid; there are Devils of all colours, like Conies, black, blue, white, gray, what d'e lack, but you put me out; I will tell her she's a pretty Thief, and has stoll my heart.

Crambo. Ay, that's well, I would make use of that thought myself, shall I borrow it of you for my next work?

Codsh. With all my heart, and I am glad I have it to serve you I protest.

Crambo. Out on't protest!

Codsh. Lord, what shall I do?

Crambo. Not swear.

Codsh. Faith and Troth I do not swear.

Crambo. Are Faith and Troth no Oaths?

Codsh. Oh none at all to those Rappers I have.

Crambo. But you must not swear at all.

Codsh. Then I doubt I must not speak.

Crambo. But pray go on.

Codsh. I have forgot, you have put me out, I must go again and practise by my self.

Crambo.

Crambo. Do, then, to your Chamber,
Codsh. Well adieu then.

[Exit *Codhead*.]

Crambo. How splenetick, how dull am I! when I would compose a Sonnet to the fair *Isabella*, I am clouded with fogs and fumes, and such a Theme would inspire any man but me, I fear my days of ballating draw near, I am impotent, bewitched in Poetry, awake my drowsie Fancy, will my Muse show me a Jades trick at last? rowse up.

Hum--- *Thou joy of my heart,*

Thou wonder of Nature,

Thou, Hum——— I can go no further.

It will not do, I fear I am lost, I thought to have won her heart by Poetry, and now it fails me.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Is he here, my Rimer? — methinks he is a very dull Fellow, I have heard some of these Heroick men are very foolish; if they be all like him, they are better Subjects of a Play than Authors: 'twould be a great ease to Comical Poets to be supply'd with Heroick Fools.

Crambo. Here she is: Madam, I knew you were here before I saw you.

Isab. I warrant you heard me.

Crambo. No, Madam, the Garden smiled, and put on a fresh Verdure.

Isab. It seems the Garden is merrily disposed.

Crambo. Your presence would turn a Winter into a Spring, since you arriv'd the Flowers became more fragrant, the blushing Tulips raised their drowsie heads, and started at the sight of your bright Beauty.

Isab. You are very Poetical this morning.

Crambo. Love, Madam, is the Fountain of all Poetry.

Isab. I did not observe the Tulips to do that you speak of.

Crambo. Poets and Lovers are quick-sighted, Madam; Lilies look pale to see their white outv'd in your fair Face, and Roses blush for shame, seeing the fresher Crimson of your

Cheeks.

Isab.

Isab. They are too modest of all conscience, I had thought the Lillies and Roses had had more discretion; but, Sir, I am glad to find you so Poetical, for my Cousin my Lady *Haughty* would beg the favour of you to make some pretty rustick entertainment in Poetry; she has Servants enough to study it, and Musick we have within our selves, here will be much Company, and it will much increase our mirth.

Cramb. She honours me with her Commands; if you would joyn your's, it would inspire me.

Isab. If that will do you good, I do:
Any way, so we have it done. [*Aside.*]

Cramb. The Honour is infinite, I kiss your fair hands, it shall be done in a moment. [*Exit Crambo.*]

Enter Mall in haste.

Isab. How now, *Mall*, whither in such haste?

Mall. My Lady has sent me to the Cook, Madam, to bid him make haste with Dinner.

Isab. 'Tis well. [*Ex. Mall, Isabella.*]

SCENE, the Kitchen with the Master Cook with three or four Cooks, and three or four under-Servants.

Master Cook. Look to the Boiler there, keep gentle fires, see that the Olio be taken care of.

1 Cook. It shall be done, Master.

Master. Be very careful and diligent there in the Scalding-house.

2 Cook. They shall.

Master. You for the Range, look you spend as much Butter as you can for Fees, that we may not want another day.

1 Cook. I'll warrant you, let us alone for that.

Master. Arm the Roast-meat with Paper, my Lady's Bills, Answers and Depositions in Chancery, with all her Ladiship's Attorney's Letters, these are ordained for the Roast.

2 Cook. It shall be done, Master: then for the Pastry *Prins* Works with *Coriats*, *Crudities*, and the long Presbyterian Expositions

Expositions upon the Psalms; with the old Ordinances of both Houses.

I Cook. All these we have already.

Master. Oh, if we had but some correspondence with the two Play-houses, they would furnish us rarely, they say they have hundreds of Plays brought to them in a year, that are good for nothing else, we might buy 'em at two Shillings a Stone; these are those they refuse, and they might throw us several of those they Act in to the bargain.

Enter Mall.

Mall. Master Cook, my Lady has sent me to you, to desire you of all loves, that you will take very great care, that the Meat may be well order'd, lest she should be thought an ill House-keeper, and you disgraced.

Master. My Sweet heart, first give me a Kiss, and then I will answer my Lady.

Mall. Stand away, you are the strangest man.

Master. In a word, we want all things we should have, but I'll do what I can, and a man can do no more; but prethee sit upon my knee, my Dear, here fill some Plum-porridge for this Gentlewoman, bring some of the Tarts and Custards too, and you shall pay nothing, but now and then a Kiss.

Mall. Nay pish, Mr. Cook, my Lady will be an angryd.

Master. Ounds, I love thee Sweet, and have done ever since I came to the House, and so thou shalt find. *James*, prethee sing the Song I made of Mrs. Mary to the single Citizen: come bring out the Tarts and Custards.

[*She eats sitting upon his Lap.*]

I Cook. Come on.

Sings.

*Fy, fy, this Love keeps such a coil,
So high't does boil:
Love's heat does make so great a fire
Of hot desire,
That all my fancy it does trouble,
Love so doth bubble.
My loving Pot can hold no more,
But does run o're.*

Master.

Master. How do you like it, my Dear ?

Mall. I doubt you mean naughtinefs, forsooth, or else it is very pretty.

1 Cook. *Thou should'st skim Love upon the top,
Or with a Sop
To soak it, or else to dip it,
Many a Sippet
Would keep't within Love's circle, then
Stir it agen ;
And if it rise, 'twill down, you know,
If that you blow.*

Mall. This is scurrility, as my Lady's Chaplain says.

Master. Nothing but simlizing, as Poets must do ; but here's a Cup of Wine, my Heart and Soul to thee, Ounds no man loves you better than I do.

Mall. But I cannot stay, forsooth, my Lady will miss me.

Master. But a little, go on James.

1 Cook. *Then dish it up unto your wish
In Love's sweet Dish :
When Love's sweet morsels we have tasted,
None shall be wasted ;
What's left we'l set up cold to eat
For butter'd meat.
An ill Cook now is he that lingers
To lick his fingers.*

Mall. Oh gemini, what Songs you make me here ! well I don't mind 'em, I don't understand 'em : come will you let me go, my Lady will chide me grievously.

Master. Good Sweet-heart, stay but one Song more, and I have done.

Mall. I'll stay no more Songs, not I : if you don't let me go, I purtest I'll never come again.

Kisses her.] Look now, now Fiddles, you are the strangest man.

E

Master.

Master. But one Copy of Verses, dear Sweet-heart.

*I will invite thee to Love's back-house,
There bolt our Love; for Love will make us
Not mealy-mouth'd, but in Love's Oven,
The heat that's there will make us loving.*

Mall. Nay get you gone, I am a young Maiden, and not fit for these kindred things.

Master. *Nay good Sweet-heart, if thou say'st no,
Then out, alas! my Cake is down.*

Look you there that's extempory, Mrs. Mary, how do you like it?

Mall. Farewel, I will not stay, that's once.

Kisses her.] Nay pish, fy, get you gone.

[*Exit Mall.*

Master. Farewel my Heart and Soul with thee; here where's the Clerk of the Kitchen?

Enter Clerk.

Clerk. Here, what do you want?

Master. Want I quoth he, we want every thing in the World, a Pox on't.

Clerk. Be patient and you shall have all.

Master. Patience! Pox on patience, 'Sounds my Lady is dishonoured for ever, you will never be able to repair it.

Clerk. Prethee what's the matter man?

Master. Blood, there wants a wooden Candlestick in the Pastry. Cook, quoth he! the Devil would not be a Cook at this rate.

Clerk. Is that the matter? that will be a great dishonour indeed, come there shall be one.

Master. And then we have none but Rush-candles in the Kitchen, when we should have Torches, it is so dark.

Clerk. Come be patient, and you shall want nothing, Mr. Cook, here is a Friend of mine, pray make him welcome.

Master. You're welcome, Sir, cut off a piece of the Chine of Beef presently, some Anchoves, and Westphalia, here's a Boule of Sack to you, here give me the Can that measures Ale by the Yard, Derby measure, Sir, here's this Can of Sack

to

to you, Sir, I cannot stay, Sir, you see I must be gone Sir. Come, where are ye, ye lazy Rogues? fall to your work, open the Oven there, and see how the Pyes colour.

Clerk. Master Cook, you do not know the good qualities of this Gentleman.

Master. Truly I do believe he is a very civil Person, pray eat heartily, Sir: well, Boys, how are the Pyes?

2 Cook. All very well, Master.

Master. Look to the Boiler, it does not boil too fast; but what were you saying, Sir? *Mich's* good dit ye.

Clerk. This Gentleman plays rarely on the Musick.

Master. Faith, Sir, since I have given you a cast of my Office, pray give me one of yours, and i'faith here's the other Can of Sack to your health.

Musick. With all my heart.

Master. Come out you Myrmydons, and shake your heels, i'faith I'll have a Dance, though my Lady has no Dinner.

2 Cook. Come out, Boys.

3 Cook. Come out, Lads.

[They all come out and dance, while some dance, others are keeping time with their Chopping-knives.]

Clerk. Very well done, Boys, well danc'd.

Master. Thank you, good Sir; here's t'other Can to you, Sir: come, my Boys, take up your Drum-sticks, your Chopping-knives, let the Dresher be your Drum, and upon the Butter-meats and Sallets beat a Call then, sound your Trumpet, your Yard of Can for a Charge, and dish up quickly.

Musick. Why you have Military Terms for all these things.

Master. Sir, I have been a General's Cook, after Dinner I'll give a full description of all, but now I cannot stay, farewell, Sir.

Musick. Your Servant, Sir.

[A great noise of chopping upon the Dresher.]

Master. Come you Rogues, take off your Cans, and be nimble to't, Boys. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

Enter Footpad and the Rogues.

1 Rogue. This was a brave business, and well laid.

2 Rogue. We unbound the Pedler, who roared out for help and inquir'd after you.

E 2

3 Rogue.

3 *Rogue*. We pitied his condition mightily, and told him we had seen you, and directed him a wrong way, whither he is gone in great haste to pursue you.

Footpad. That was bravely done, with my Pedler's Pack I made 'em all cut their Purfes willingly, never Indian King parted with his Gold at easier rates for Hatchets and Knives, than my Coxcombs have parted with their Money for my Trinkets.

4 *Rogue*. What is the Purchase, Captain?

Footpad. Fourteen pounds and a Noble.

All. Ah, brave Captain.

Footpad. They pick't their own Pockets, but now I hope we shall pick 'em for 'em: they love Gypsies mainly, and me-thinks we look as like the Race of *Ptolomy*.

1 *Rogue*. As Hogs grease, and the Rind of Walnuts can make us.

2 *Rogue*. There are Strangers there, brave Gentry, an we could light o'them.

3 *Rogue*. Luck if it be thy will, that we thrive in our Profession.

Footpad. Have at thee Fortune, they say thou art a Whore I will have a bout with, though thou art grown so common, thou favourest every Blockhead.

4 *Rogue*. Would some of the Strangers would come out to us, be sure they're full of Money.

Footpad. Come, let's roar out our Song of the Gypsies with laudable voices, and that may train 'em out of the house.

1 *Rogue*. Come on, let's be merry by our selves.

2 *Rogue*. Come----- I love singing mightily.

Footpad. So well, that as thou livest singing, thou wilt die singing, a Psalm I mean.

2 *Rogue*. *Oh the brave jolly Gypse,
Who often is tipsie,
And has strong Ale good store.
With a little black Whore,
When credit does fail
With fat Hostess for Ale,*

He

He grows dogged and sullen,
 Steals her Geese and her Pullen.
 And Linen that's bleaching,
 If it be within reaching,
 'Tis juggled away
 By night or by day.

Then Fortunes we tell,
 But stealing does well
 To help out the Trade,
 Which is somewhat decay'd.
 When Maids are a kissing,
 Their things never missing,
 Then we take our time,
 And think it no crime,
 And then the next morning,
 Their Hue and Cry scorning,
 We care not a straw
 For their Statute Law.

Rogue. Here come some of 'em.

Enter Justice Spoilwit, Colonel Bounce, and Sir John Noddy, and Butler.

Just. We'll take a Turn here before Dinner, bring us word when her Ladiship comes down.

Butl. I will, Sir, I must go look after my Mistress *Margery*: here are so many Gentlemen's Men, I shall have one or other snap her up.

Just. I faith was it you that made this Musick? you are brave Gypsies, melodious Gypsies.

Sir John. Where are the rest of your Company?

Footpad. They are behind, an please your Worship, but I am chief.

All Rogues. This is our Captain.

Just. What, I warrant you can tell Fortunes, prethee look in my hand, and tell me mine.

Col.

Col. Prethee, *Justice*, why wilt thou be such an Ass? dost thou think they can tell?

Just. Colonel, I do assure you I have known notable understanding men, men of excellent parts Gypsies.

1 Rogue. Sir, I'll warrant you, I'll tell you yours.

Col. I'm sure I'll give you nothing.

1 Rogue. 'Tis no matter.

2 Rogue. Sir, let me see your hand.

[The Justice and Sir John give 'em money.]

1 Rogue ——— *By your Venus Trench
You should love a Wench.*

Col. Should? why I do you Puppy, and so does all the World.

Footpad. I see plainly that you will be Knighted, and marry a rich Widow.

[As they tell their Fortunes, they pick their Pockets.]

Col. Ounds ye lying Rogues, to flatter him so.

Just. Good Sir, have patience, I faith they are men of skill, I know 'em.

Footpad. How Fools will lie, and help to cozen themselves!

Just. So God save me, I have known some Gypsies predict as well as *Lilly* or *Gadbury*.

2 Rogue ——— *Sir, it has been your mishap
In your time to get a Clap.*

[They all laugh.]

Col. What dull Rogues these are! why you Rascals, is there a Gentleman that has not had a Clap?

Sir John. Faith and Troth I have had six, little and great, ha, ha, ha.

Just. Ha, ha, ha; but I faith shall I be Knighted; and marry the Lady, hah?

1 Rogue. Pray, Sir, let me see.

*By your hand and this line
You love a Glass of Wine.*

Col. Why you abominable dull Rascal, does not every body love Wine and Women? there's a Secret indeed; why thou stupid blockheaded Puppy, I could beat thy brains out,

out, if thou had'st any: come, a Pox on't, let's be gone.

Just. Nay, good Colonel, have patience, alas! you do not understand these things, these are gifts.

Col. Gifts! I'm sure, I'll give them nothing.

3 Rogue. Alas, Sir, I am ingram man, I desire no money, I'll pray for your Worship.

Col. Ay, I think you may have wit enough for that.

Footpad. By this Line of Honour, Sir, I find you'll be made a Lord before you die.

Col. Come away, you blockheaded Justice.

Just. Well I come; a Lord! Oh brave, a Lord! well stay here, and I'll get my Lady to send for ye, and pray let her know that she is to marry me.

Col. Come away, poor witlefs Cheats, poor Fools.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, look you there, Justice.

[Sir John strikes away one of the Gypsies Sticks.]

Just. Ha, ha, ha; I thought we should have ye i' faith, hah, ha, ho, ho.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, have I caught you, Justice?

[Sir John walks with his hand upon the Justice's shoulder, whips off his Hat.]

Just. Ha, ha, ha, you will never leave i' faith, you are the pleasanter man, ha, ha, ha.

Col. Come, these are the filliest cheats.

[Ex. Col. Justice, Sir John.]

Footpad. Go your ways, you'll find your selves Fools by and by.

'Tis true you are witty, but my judgment's righter,

Since my Pocket's full, and your Pocket's lighter,

Come my brave Rogues, let's be gone, this was a brave booty, let's away, and shift and divide, lest if we should stay, we may be taken and hang'd about this business.

All. Come away, noble Captain. *[Ex. Rogues.]*

Enter Lady Haughty, Isabella, Nan.

Lady. Where are my doughty Lovers? I have stay'd a pair of minutes for 'em at least.

Isab.

Ifab. Some Ladies would be as proud of such a Train of Lovers, as Lawyers are of many Clients, or Divines of heaps of Parishes to follow them.

Lady. Some Lady would strut and take upon her, like a new upstart Favourite to a Prince, that flies above the Gentry of his Country, and uses 'em scurvily. Indeed I have not much reason to triumph to day, for I have none but Cox-combs.

Ifab. But you have every day variety, as a Favourite has.

Lady. And I use 'em scurvily too, but yet they come and dissemble, fawn, flatter, worship, and fall down before me, as if they took me for the golden Calf, and I all the while look upon them with the same scorn, that a new-raised Favourite does upon his Betters.

Nan. Did your Ladiship find such great affliction in Matrimony, that you are such a violent enemy to it?

Lady. So much, as I am resolved never to be so constrained again, I'll continue as free as Nature made me; why should we submit to that foolish Animal Man? Let him be head! I'll keep the Fools at a distance, and make them crouch.

Nan. But I hear of one Courtier too, that is coming down, that will win you, the finest nice, perfum'd, periwig'd, feather'd Person in the World.

Lady. I know who 'tis; what shall I marry an outside of a man, a Fellow put together by a Milliner, Perfumer, Feather-man, and French Taylor?

Ifab. When Women fall much in love with men for their fine Cloaths, I wonder they are not more in love with the Taylors that made 'em.

Lady. A rich Suit out of an old Wardrobe would make as good a Husband, I'll give a Receipt of him: Take fine rich Cloaths, and do not pay for 'em, take a Barber for a Counsellor, rail at all but the present, scorn and endeavour to depress all Arts and Sciences, which he knows nothing of, whisper Proclamations in your ears for Secrets, tell you what the King said to him once upon a time that shall be nameless, when he scarce takes notice of him once a year, perhaps speaks to him neer.

Nan.

Nan. Oh, but they are rare men for making Love, Madam.

Lady. Faith they have but one Receipt of making Love, which is like an Almanack for the Meridian of the Court, and generally serves 'em for all *England*, Quack-salvers, Empiricks in Love, that have but one Receipt for every thing. The common High-way of Love, flatter you, and condemn others, extol your Wit, and yet think to make you a Fool, praise your Vertue, and yet strive to lie with you.

Isab. And at such easie rates too, swear he is your Vassal, and lie at your feet, nothing but lie, cog, flatter, and dissemble, which can cozen none but overweening self-Lovers.

Lady. Right, Cousin, they can deceive none but those that contribute to deceive themselves.

Nan. Lord, should one suspect honest Gentlemen, when they give one so good words too?

Lady. They that do not suspect, will be more than suspected.

Nan. For what, Madam?

Lady. For Fools.

Nan. But here come the Gentlemen now, Madam *Isabella* observe Sir *John Noddy*, 'tis the merriest pretty Gentleman.

Enter Justice, Sir John, Colonel, they salute the Ladies.

Lady. Gentlemen you are welcome, Sir *John* how do all our Friends in your Country? how does my Lord your Neighbour?

Sir John. Very well, Madam, I was a hunting with my dear Lord t'other day, and he lighted, and we all lighted, and I sneaked behind one of his Gentlemen, and thrust him into a plash of water, ha, ha, ha.

Just. Very good i' faith, ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. But had you seen my Lord how he laught, the tears ran trickling down his Honour's cheeks, he desired me to forbear, or I should kill him, then charged every body not to speak of it, that he might tell it first when he came home.

Nan. Madam, did not I tell you, what a pretty, witty, wild Gentleman Sir John was?

Just. Madam, yonder are Gypsies without have told us our Fortunes: if your Ladiship please to hear your's, i'faith they are rare men, men of excellent skill,

[*He feels in his Pocket.*]

Ha, hum, what a Devil, Oh Pox where's my money? O Devil.

Lady. What's the matter? have the Gypsies bewitch't you?

Just. O Lord, Oh they or some body have pick't my Pocket of five pound in Silver, and forty pound in old Gold.

Col. Truly, Justice, they are men of skill, excellent skill.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, oh, oh, hum, what have your Pocket pick't, Justice? that a man should be such an Ass!

Col. Ha oh, Devil, where is it? Ounds, they have done the same for me, I have lost every cross.

Just. Oh, have you so, Colonel?

Sir John. I am the Son of a Strumpet, if they have not got all mine too.

Just. Ha, ha, ha, Knight, your Pocket pick't! that a man should be such an Ass, Knight!

[*The Cook knocks on the Dresser, for Dinner carrying up.*]

Lady. Come, Gentlemen, let's in, the Cook summons us to Dinner with that knocking; comfort your selves after your losses, here is money in the house, you may make use of it, Gentlemen, if you please; but let's to dinner.

Just. Come, Madam, we wait on you, I shall have a hundred pound paid me by a Fellow that lives hard by; you shall have what you will, as far as that goes, Gentlemen.

[*Sir John pulls off his Periwig, and flings it away.*]

Sir John. Thank you, good Sir, there ha, ha, ha, oh, good Justice, now I am even with you, ha, ha.

Just. Ha, ha, oh, oh, well go thy ways, I never saw such a merry man in my life.

Lady. What a strange Coxcomb is this Knight! Cousin, come.

Isab. He is so, but methinks the other is a handsome Gentleman,

tleman, there is a noble roughness in his countenance, that speaks an honest plainness; and a wise contempt of those Fools he is in company with; his Mien and Air pleases me strangely.

Lady. Allons, Gentlemen.

Col. We wait on you, Madam.

[*Ex. omnes.*]

A C T III.

Lady Haughty, *Isabella*, *Colonel*, *Justice*, *Sir John* Codfish,
and *Crambo*, and *Nan* at the lower end of the
Table at Dinner.

Sir John. Come, Madam *Isabella*, are you for some Plaice?
here is a great Plaice, Ladies love to take place,
ha, ha, ha.

Just. Very good, ha, ha, ha.

Isab. You are the pleasantest company, *Sir John*, where do you learn these things, amongst the Wits?

Sir John. No, Madam, Pox the Wits are dull Fellows, they call themselves Wits, but they are dull, very dull; I keep company with the Clinchers, they are the rare company.

Col. Did ever man light into the company of such Fools?

Lady. What are these Clinchers?

Sir John. What are they? why they are the gravest of Divines and Lawyers, Judges will do't upon the Bench at an Arraignment, and sometimes your States-men are good at it, they cannot forget when they were Sophisters.

Just. Faith, Madam, these Clinchers are the wittiest people in the World.

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Spoilwit*, cut me a piece of that Rabbit.

Just. Madam, it is a raw bit, and not a Rabbit, for it is not half roasted, ha, ha.

Sir John. Ha, ha.

Crambo. Very good, ha, ha, ha.

Codsh. 'Tis very good, the Devil take me.

Crambo. Again at the Devil!

Codsh. Peace, I hope my Lady took no notice on't.

Col. } I never knew any great Lady keep above one Fool,
to Isab. } and my Lady has four or five, Madam.

Isab. I think she had best put 'em in Livery, Sir.

Just. Here is a very good Fowl, will you prove a Goose,
Sir John? ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. Ha, ha, no, no, but there's a very good Wood-
cock, Justice, ha, ha, I love a Woodcock Justice, ha, ha.

Crambo. Very good on both sides.

Col. That Poet, Madam, is a very dull Fellow.

Isab. As dull a Poet as one shall see in a Summers day;
this man has sense, and looks like a Gentleman. [*Aside.*]

Sir John. What are you for a Gull Justice? ha, ha, ha.

Just. No, no, I had as live's eat of an Owl *Sir John*, I love
not a Gull *Sir John*, ha, ha, ha, there I gave it him i'faith,
Colonel.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, very good i'faith; well there is no-
thing like this Wit at Dinner.

Just. Wit is never so good as at Meals, it makes one di-
gest the meat so rarely.

Lady. Wit is indeed a fine thing; but do grave Men, Di-
vines, and Lawyers, and Men of great business use this kind
of Wit?

Sir John. Oh ever while you live, they are 'the wittiest
people, they are so full of Jest, and will so laugh, especially
at Meals.

Just. I'faith *Sir John's* in the right, your Wits, your flashy
Wits are nothing to them, when they please to be merry.

Sir John. Oh there was a Judge that use to come our Cir-
cuit, the purest company: a Gentleman ask't a Lady, whe-
ther she would have any Custard, says the Judge Cus-turd,
you may be ashamed to name so uncivil a thing to so fine a
Gentlewoman, ha, ha, ha.

Just. Passing good, ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. There was such laughing, the Ladies did so tihie
under their Napkins, and could not eat a bit after it i'faith;
but

but when they look't most demurely, out went the Tihie again under the Napkin, ha, ha. I am a Villain, if the Tihie did not take a reverend old Gentlewoman when she was a drinking, and she did squirt the Beer out of her Nose, as an Indian does Tobacco, ha, ha. *[They laugh.]*

Codsh. This was very good, Gad take me, this would have made one laugh like a Devil.

Crambo. Why, are you mad? will you ruine your self?

Codsh. Lord bless me, I did quite forget, I was so transported at the Jest.

Crambo. A Pox on't, I am so dull, I cannot make a Quibble, and yet all the bawdy Jests in my Plays are nothing else.

Codsh. Pray, Sir John, give me some of that Custard for all your Jest, I were a Fool, if I should refuse that Custard, ha, ha, ha, that's very good, is not that very good, Ladies, ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. Ay faith is it Cousin? ha, ha, ha.

Just. Excellent! we are rare company, talk of your Wits, and your Wits, and this and that, i'faith, they are dull Fools to us.

Col. Gentlemen, if you have leisure for your immoderate and most incomprehensible Wit, which if you do not leave it, it will kill you, pray drink my Lady's Health. Madam, your Ladiships Health; Justice to you. *[He drinks.]*

Just. Tope, as the French say.

Sir John. Nay on my conscience, as the Colonel says, Wit will be the death of me, 'twill kill me at last.

Codsh. Ay, and me too, the Devil---Oh it was just a coming.

Sir John. Come here's my Lady's Health, about with her, I would I could have a bout with her, Justice, ha, ha.

Just. Very good, very good.

Isab. Are you not cloy'd with these fustian, nauseous Fools, Madam?

Lady. No, your gross Fool is good company enough for variety, I do not mean your Fool of God's making, he is to be pitied; but your Fool of his own making, that pretends to be witty, one that takes great pains to make himself a Fool.

Isab.

Isab. Not your natural, but artificial Fool.

Lady. Right, Cousin: Sir *John*, pray cut me a piece of that *Cheshire* Cheese.

Sir John. *Cheshire* Cheese! 'tis *Windfor* Cheese, Madam.

Lady. Im' sure it was sent me by a Friend out of *Cheshire*.

Isab. What makes you call it *Windfor* Cheese?

Sir John. Because it is near *Eaton*, ha, ha, ha.

Just. Ha, ha, this is the best that ever was, I shall die with laughing. [They laugh.]

Codsh. Admirable, most incomparable.

Crambo. I am so dull, I cannot make one for the blood of me.

Nan. Sir *John* is the merriest Gentleman, I'll swear he would kill me to keep him company.

Sir John. Ha, ha, I'll tell you the best Jest in the World, Madam: a Doctor of Divinity, that shall be nameless, said that his Wife always gave him three Dishes, Bitter, Powt, and Tart; was it not very good, Madam?

Lady. Oh very good.

Just. Admirable, these Joques are excellent things, this harmless playing upon words, your scurvy Wits they are all upon things, and men full of Satyr, as they call it.

Butler. Madam, here's your Grange-man *Gervas*, and your Dairy-maid *Cicely* have committed Matrimony this day, and desire your Ladyship will give 'em joy, and will present you with a Dance.

Enter Gervas, Cicely, three Country Clowns, and Country Wenches with Ribbands upon their Hats.

Lady. With all my heart, where are they? how now, *Gervas*, are you married?

Gervas. Yes, Madam, *Cicely* and I are gone the way of all flesh.

Cicely. He has overcome me, Madam, he has such a way with him.

Lady. Joy to ye, I'll give you your first piece of Household stuff.

Isab. And I the next.

Gervas.

Gervas. Thank your Worships.

Lady. But where's our Dance?

Gervas. Strike up, Musicians.

[They rise, and the Table and Cloth, &c. is taken away.]

They dance.

Lady. Very well; farewell, much joy to you. Gentlemen, let us retire, and about half an hour hence I'll meet ye all in the Garden.

[Ex. Gervas, Cicely, and Dancers.]

Col. to Isabel. } Madam, will you give me leave to wait upon you for a moment?

Lady. I hope, Mr. *Crambo*, you are pleased to remember your promise of a little Poetry.

Crambo. I do, Madam; Pox on that Colonel, he's going with my *Cloris*: I am troubled with dulness, I have such vapours in my head, I am not able to write, I fear.

[Sir John pushes one of the Servants with the Service full of Trenchers, Plates, and Dishes upon his Nose, they all go out laughing and hugging Sir John, except the Butler and Servants, who are removing the things. Then Exeunt all but the Butler. To him]

Enter Margery the Chamber-Maid.

Butler. Ah, *Margery*, have you the face to look on me, after what I saw just now before Dinner?

Marg. Why, what did you see, good Mr. Butler and Taylor? for those are your two Titles of Honour.

Butl. Did not I see you in a corner laughing and playing with Sir *John Noddy's* Man?

Marg. Would not you have one civil to a Stranger? you ill-bred Taylor.

Butl. Civil with a Pox d'e call it?

Marg. What you are jealous, are you? I defy your Yard and your Spanish Needle, and your middle finger, with your Corset Thimble.

Butl. Marry come up, Mrs. Candle-maker, you Keeper of my

my Lady's secrets! you would hold the door for a need, if my Lady were such a one; 'tis well her Ladship is not lewdly given, I know what you would be else.

Marg. Why what would I be, thou Goose?

Butl. A Bawd, a Bawd, a Bawd *Margery*.

Marg. A Thief, a Thief, a Thief *James*, I'm sure one cannot be a Taylor without it.

Butl. You scurvy tittle tattle, Tell-tale of the house, that makes lies, and are believ'd, flatters my Lady, and says the Crow's white, if she says so, all this for a little Money and Cloaths, and then you mince and trip and amble to Church, not for Religion, but to show my Lady's old Wardrobe furnished up upon thy scurvy body.

Marg. Scurvy body! out you Prick-louse, 'tis as good a body—— and that most young Men of the house will say, thou unconscionable Item of searing Candle, Bumbast, and Canvas.

Butl. There's stiffening too, good Mrs. Wasp, with a sting in your tail.

Marg. Not so much as you should have put in, you cheating Rogue, you, cozened me in that too.

Butl. Come you are rank, you are rank, every Dog-bolt in the house follows you, with a Pox to you, that will be the end of it, to thy shame, thou lascivious Woman.

Marg. Oh you base Taylor and Butler made up of shreds and chippings, ne're a one of the house will say so much of me.

Butl. 'Tis their goodness more than your desert.

Marg. I am sure never a Fellow of mine, since I came, if they speak truly, but will say I have been ready to do 'em courtesies early and late, I am sure of that.

Butl. Her tears do mollifie me, I am tender-hearted.

Marg. crys.] And you to lay these things in my dish, that have not deserv'd 'em at your hands.

Butl. Well I'll say no more at present then.

Marg. But 'tis no matter, I am e'en served well enough, to love such a one; I thought ne're to have said so much, but truth's truth and shame the Devil.

Butl.

Butl. Come, peace then *Margery*, I believe thou dost love me.

Marg. Do I? Ay that I do, even but too well, God knows.

Butl. Nay good dear *Margery*, peace, thou wilt break my heart to see thee cry so.

Marg. Your unkindness will be the death of me some time or other; but yet, *James*, I would not have you cry, it is not manly for a Taylor to cry, therefore quiet your self, 'tis no matter what becomes of me.

Butl. Oh *Margery*, thou hast——

Marg. What have I done?

Butl. Why thou hast drawn womanish tears from the Flood-gates of my manly Taylors eyes.
Prethee forgive me.

Marg. Well I do with all my heart.

Butl. I know thou art vertuous and religious.

Marg. Ay, *James*, I should be sorry else; for every Holy-day when I put on my best Cloaths, I read my Psalter, many a leaf do I turn over with a wet thumb, I have a new Bible too, and when my Lady left her Practice of Piety, she gave it me, and you shall have it; therefore pray think well of me, I am no Papisht I thank God.

Butl. Sweet *Margery*, forgive me all my faults, and let's kiss upon that.

Marg. With all my heart.

Butl.——*The best of Love with quarrels is possess,*
Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Colonel and Isabella.

Col. Look ye, Madam, the case is this, I'll go upon the square with my Lady, I have a thousand pounds a year, but 'tis mortgaged very deep, for I was hatter'd and sequestred, as many brave Fellows were for serving the King; but no more to be said.

Isab. I have heard you were a great Sufferer; he looks like a brave Fellow, his roughness and honest bluntness pleases me strangely.

G

Col.

Col. I say nothing of that ; but I had as like to have had the honour of being hang'd for the King as any man, and 'tis true many undeserving persons were brought to the Scaffold, that did not merit the honour like my self ; and if I had not had palpable injustice, I'm sure I had had the honour ; but no more to be said.

Isab. A loyal Man.

Col. But Merit was not look'd upon, they prefer'd Fellows to be hang'd, that Gad were no more fit for t, than your Ladihips Chamber-maid.

Isab. Do not repent, Sir, methinks 'tis well as 'tis.

Col. No, Madam, nothing shall trouble me, what cannot be cur'd must be endur'd, but I serv'd in all the War, I say nothing, but the business is, thus was my Estate engaged, and I hearing of this Widow, faith was content to mortgage my body to her to redeem my Land, and so, Madam, I beg you will please to let her know from me. You are her Kinswoman, and I thought the fittest person to break the Ice to her, I see she is pester'd with Fools, I could not do't my self.

Isab. Do you love her by hearsay only ?

Col. I thought it convenient for her and me too, and for Love Widows seldom trouble themselves with that.

Isab. Then you are not much in Love.

Col. Faith, Madam, I am a Souldier, and hate lying, I am not dangerously.

Isab. I know not what's the reason, but methinks I am glad to hear that. [Aside.

Col. Faith, Lady, I could love you a great deal better, if it were as convenient for me.

Isab. Say you so ?

Col. Yes faith ; but I like my Lady, and I know what belongs to a Gentleman, and am honest, I'll make a kind Husband to her, and Gad I'll deal like a Gentleman with her, and that she shall find as soon as she pleases, and that's the short and the long on't.

Isab. These Souldiers are all a word and a blow ; but methinks this honest bluntness is better than the fawning flattery of your perfumed feather'd huffy tuffy Fools : yonder comes

comes my Lady, let us retire, and consult what I shall say to her.

Col. Come, I see she's persecuted damnably with Coxcombs, let her but say one word, and I'll beat 'em every one out of the house.

[*Ex. Col. and Isab.*]

Isab. Allons.

Enter Lady Haughty, Codsheed, and Crambo meeting 'em.

Cramb. Your Servant, Madam, I have been meditating for your Ladships Service.

Codsh. Peace, *Crambo*, do not interrupt me, I am very busie.

Cramb. Come let's hear no swearing.

Lady. These Fools begin to be troublesome, I can enjoy no privacy for 'em. [*Aside.*]

Codsh. As I was saying, Madam, you are a pretty Thief, and steal every bodies heart, no man can keep a heart in quiet for you.

Lady. Did not you steal that out of the Academy of Complements, Mr. *Codshead*?

Codsh. No, as I hope to be saved.

Cramb. How now, Mr. *Codshead*!

[*Crambo pulls him by the Elbow.*]

Codsh. Why, would not you have me hope to be saved, when I have left off swearing? I never saw such a man in my life, i'faith, you'll put me quite out. Madam, your Eyes hum-- your bright Eyes hum---- have so enslaved me; that, hum, hum---- I can no longer call my heart my own.

Lady. Good lack a day, but are you serious?

Codsh. Ay the De---- hum--- could you but see your self, you would not doubt it, hum---

Cramb. That was very well.

[*Crambo claps him on the Back.*]

Codsh. And then that stately and majestic Forehead adorned by, or rather adorning those curls--- hum--- those snares for hearts.

Lady. This Fool has been bred up to nothing but Questions and Commands and cross purposes.

Codsh. That Arch upon your Brow is *Cupid's* Bow, as I, hum---

Lady. These commendations come not from your heart, you hum and pause, and seem to be in pain.

Codsh. I am a Son of a Whore, Madam, if they be not from my heart, and that's an excellent word, and no swearing.

[*The Widow smiles.*]

Cramb. For shame, don't you see her laugh at you for it?

Codsh. Peace, I have a thousand commendations more for you, as that your breath is a heavenly dew, sweeter than Eastern Winds--- hum--- that o're the flowry Gardens blow--- hum, ha--- or than the choicest of Arabian Gums.

Cramb. Very fine! Fle set it down, I'll use it. Lord, to see some ordinary men light of things now and then, as good as one of us!

Codsh. Your teeth like--- hum--- Oriental Pearls, or Twin Lambs newly shorn.

Lady. How came those Lambs and Pearls together? they never met before.

Cramb. Pardon me, Madam, 'tis a fine Trope, and I'll steal that too: Lord, to see how Wits are beholding sometimes to Fools!

Codsh. Your Eyes, Madam, are two clear resplendent Fountains, two---

Lady. Two, what not other things I hope too!

Codsh. Two Helicons, when you weep, and your snowy Breasts are---

Lady. What I beseech you, Sir?

Codsh. Two *Parnassus* Hills covered with Snow--- hum--- ha--- and then your---

Lady. Hold, hold, Sir, go no further, you'll be uncivil by and by: do you intend to read a Lecture over me, as they do upon a body at the Physick Schools? I'll have no more on't.

Enter

*Enter Nan.**Nan.* I desire a word with your Ladship in private.*Lady.* Your Servant, I must leave you.*Codsh.* Your Servant, Madam.*[Ex. Lady and Nan.]**Cramb.* This was well for a beginning; but why did you hum and ha so, and make such long pauses in your Discourse?*Codsh.* Why, if you will have the truth on't, when I paused I was swearing and cursing to my self, or else I never could have gone through with it.*Cramb.* What, mental swearing and cursing!*Codsh.* Ounds I'll no more of it, the Devil take me, if it had not almost like to have kil'd me, blood, it was such a pain to me, as if I was gyved and fetter'd, I was so sick all the while, God take me, and in such pain, I had no joy in my life; God, now methinks I am so free, so lightsom, Ounds, methinks I could leap over the house, the Devil take me, if ever you shall shackle me again, Sir, nor the neither; if there be no getting of her but upon these hard terms, there's an end on't, I'll go home and swear and curse and lye, and do what I will in my own ground.*Cramb.* Come, I'll put you in a way to do it without pain.*Codsh.* Away, 'tis impossible, I'll never think on't.*Cramb.* I'll make you confess your self in the wrong, I have written a Scene of Love for you, which you shall get by heart.*Codsh.* Thank you for that, how shall I know her answers?*Cramb.* Why, I have writ them too.*Codsh.* Can you know before-hand what she'll answer?*Cramb.* Ay, ay, she can make no other answers to what I write, I were no Poet else, there's the Art on't, Man.*Codsh.* There's the Art on't indeed, I think I could make a shift to get a thing by heart, without putting in my Oaths and wonted Phrases, but the Devil take me, that will be hard.*Cramb.* I warrant you, try.*Codsh.* But if she should make cross answers, I should be damnably disappointed, God take me.*Cramb.*

Cramb. My life for your's, pray let's into the Chamber, I am much indisposed, and on the sudden taken very ill, methinks.

Codsb. Prethee don't be sick before thou givest me the Scene, for shame come on.

Enter Clerk of the Kitchen, Cook, Musicians, and the under-Cooks.

Cramb. I am very dull and stupid, I am as dull---

Codsb. As a Dog, I know you were always so, God take me, for you'll never keep good Company, nor drink a Glass, and a man must be as dull as a Devil that lives so.

Cramb. Well, you will have your own way, but I grow worse, let's go. *[Ex. Codthead and Crambo.]*

Cook. Faith, Sir, you play the best upon the Fiddle, and are the finest Musicioner that can be, and such a melodious Pipe you have for singing.

Music. You are pleased to say so.

Cook. Come, good Sir, sans Ceremony, let's go in and take off two or three *Derby Cans*.

Music. You have ply'd me so hard, I must take a little fresh air, and breathe a while, for I can swallow no more yet.

Cook. Faith you are not so good a Fellow, as I took you for.

Music. By and by, there's no time lost; but now after you drew up your Dinner in Battel array, with all your military words of Command, go on, as you promised me, with the rest.

Cook. With all my heart, 'tis very tragical, 'tis a most dismal relation.

Clerk. It will bring tears out of your Eyes, though you resolve against it.

Music. Come, Sir, go on, I love Tragedy, especially Heroick, Oh, it does chime, and make the finest noise, 'tis no matter whether it be sense or no, so it be Heroick.

[He speaks it and mouths it in a very tragical tone.]

Cook. Well then-----

Cook.

Cook. *Oh, oh, oh, all's lost, we are defeated quite :
There are no further hopes of a Relief,
The Battel's gone, the day is lost.*

Muslc. *How, good Mr. Cook ?*

Clerk. *You shall hear.*

Cook. *The powder'd Beef stone dead in Cabbage lay,
Onslaughts upon the Custard, and the Pyes
Broke in with fierce assaults upon the crust ;
Then Gravy all upon the board did run,
The wings of Fowl cut off from all retreat,
A Leg of Pork lying here slasht and cut,
The Loins of Veal shot through with Orange shot,
A Breast of Mutton broken were the bones.*

Muslc. *Passion on me, 'tis wondrous sad.*

Cook. *Gammons of Bacon shot all full of Cloves,
Saw Rabbits lying there without their legs.
A cloven Calves head with the brains dash't out,
A sad Pigs head close from the body cut.*

Muslc. *Oh my heart !*

Cook. *A Chine of Beef slasht mangled to the bones,
Shoulders of Venson in their own blood wallowing,
Our Ordnance Marrow-bones dismounted quite,
The wriggled Brawn so massacred with wounds,
Tripes hanging out most hideous to see,
With excrement of Mustard dropping down.
There Oysters now gaping for their last breath,
Lobsters and Crevices all bloody red.*

I Cook. *I can hold no longer, my heart melts.*

Cook. *None made retreats but Crabs, that I could see,
The Forlorn-hope of Porridge all was spilt,
And the Reserve of Fruit and Cheese thrown down,
Some few were rallied, for the fight 'ith' Hall ;
But being charg'd, they could not stand at all.
So the dead bodies, scatter'd bones, and crusts,
Were in the Alms Tub buried first, and then
Rak'd up by ravenous Crows and Kites call'd Beggars,
Wherewith their hungry maws and scrips they fill'd.
This is the sad relation of that day,
The fatal day of our so great defeat*

Muslc.

Music. 'Tis the most tragical story e're was heard, the expression forced a tear from me, e're I was aware on't; I see moving passion is a great matter, though in Kitchin Poetry.

Clerk. See what number is, so Musick moves with Number.

Music. It does so; but if this had been in Rime! Oh Rime, if it be but spoke violently, and well mouth'd, it touches mightily.

Enter Footpad and 1 Rogue with Fiddlers.

Footpad. By your leave, will it please you to hear a fit of Musick? we are Fidlers, and we can smell out Feasts and good Company.

Music. Ay, pray let's have 'em.

Clerk. Ay, with all my heart.

Cook. Come, Gentlemen, follow me, I'll give you a lusty Derby Can.

Footpad. I faith we'll follow, Sir: come Comerade in danger and in spoil, if we had mist this Habit of Fidler, all had been spoil'd.

1 Rogue. Oh Rogue agrees with Fidler extremely, Fidler is a Rogue according to Law.

Footpad. Oh yes, one Fidler is one Rogue, two Fidlers two Rogues, three a noise of Rogues, and five a company of Rogues, fine Statute legal Rogues.

1 Rogue. Well, would I had a Monopoly of Roguery, that none might play the Rogue but by my Patent.

Footpad. Why, thou would'st have money enough to overcome the Grand Signior, thou unconscionable Fellow.

1 Rogue. Faith I love to wish to the purpose, but let's in.

Footpad. Come on, but remember still that thieving is a more profitable Roguery than fidling, and ther fore be sure to keep thy hand in ure.

1 Rogue. Shall I ever live to have it said of me, that my right hand forgot to steal? no, no, never may I live to see that day.

Footpad. Nobly spoke, and like a Roman--- Thief I mean; but here come the Ladies, let's in.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Lady Haughty, Isabella, and Nan.

Lady. Ha, Cousin, I am afraid this victorious Colonel has overcome you.

Isab. Not so, Madam, but he appears the better for being amongst the Fools here.

Lady. That's true; but prethee dissemble not with me, for I find this blustering Souldier has storm'd your heart.

Isab. My heart, Madam! why should you imagine it?

Lady. 'Tis so; no more: I'll endeavour to mollifie this Dub a Dub, this tempestuous Colonel for you.

Isab. I beseech you, Madam, don't believe this of me.

Aside.] And yet to say truth, I begin to believe it of my self, I would I had not seen him.

Lady. He seems to be a good honest rough Fellow, and may make a good Husband: here's *Nan*, is such an arrant Lover of *Sir John Noddy*, she's mawdlin for him.

Nan. Madam, I neither can nor will dissemble, he's is so fine a witty facetious person, no body needs be ashamed of him, and the handsomest Gentleman upon earth.

Lady. Come, I'll endeavour to oblige ye both: come on, Gentlemen, you are come to take the Air.

Enter Sir John, Justice, and Colonel.

Sir John. No, Madam, I am come to take something else.

Lady. What's that, *Sir John*?

Sir John. Your heart, Madam, ha, ha, ha, that was well.

Lady. You won't rob me, will you?

Just. Prethee stand by, you take her heart!

My bucksom Lady, I am come to you,

An ancient Justice, that in Love does sue

To draw with you in that most happy yoke

Of Wedlock, and you'll find him heart of Oke.

*I know your humor's pleasant, gay, and merry,
And so to mine you'll find with a hey down derry.*

Lady. You're a very merry Justice, though not in your prime.

You have been a Spark I warrant you in your time.

And, Sir, you're heartily welcome in Rime.

There's Poetry for your Poetry.

Just. Ha, ha, very good, i' faith, was a Spark! I am still so, and as merry a Fellow as any of the Quorum, i' faith.

Sir John. If mirth will please you, if I make you not merry, I'll lose my Knighthood; that cost me five hundred pound: Why, I make every body die with laughing, that I keep company withal, ask my Lord my Neighbour; on my conscience and soul, I shall be the death of him for one.

Lady. Then 'twill be dangerous venturing upon you, I shall be in fear of my life for you.

Col. blustering. Stand by, who is it that dares pretend to up to her. } this Lady, while I am present? hah.

Sir John. The Colonel's mad; he looks as if he would eat one.

Just. Fair Lady, I'll withdraw, my Suit must cease,
When War appears, no Justice of the Peace.

Lady. No, stay, what will you quit me so? what are you, Sir? what would you have?

Col. I am a Souldier, and to speak plain English, I am for you which way you will, any way in the world.

Lady. As how, good boisterous Sir? you mean to make Love, as they make War, with Fire and Sword.

Col. Faith, Madam, I would lie with you, and not marry you, or marry you, and not lie with you, or lie with you and then marry you, or marry you and then lie with you, or neither marry you, nor lie with you: chuse which, and take your course.

Lady. Why, you are all Gun-powder, would you blow up a poor Widow at first?

Isab. Did not I tell you he was a pleasant man, Madam?

Lady. I see you love War, Cousin, and have a mind to follow the Camp.

Col.

Col. Why look you ? in short, you are a very merry Widow, and I am a merry Souldier, if you like me so, faith, make no more words on't, here's my hand, Lady, and there's an end on't.

Lady. But what if I do not like you, Noble Colonel ?

Col. Why then so, I hope a man may keep a poor little thing of his own, as the world goes, when the worst comes to the worst, and that will offend no body.

Lady. Good Colonel, let me be a little free with you.

Col. Take your course.

Lady. Have not you been advised by some experienced frail Matron, that a Widow is to be won with huffing and blustering ?

Col. I am my own Counsellor, God ye are most of you too cunning to be won by Stratagem, and you must be carried by storm.

Lady. You are a mad Colonel, and I like you the better for it, I hate the common Road of Woing in the Dunstable High-way of Matrimony. I love to be wooed fantastically ; but let's see what you can do for me now. Do you shew your parts, and these Gentlemen shall shew theirs, that I may chuse discreetly.

Col. What a Pox, Madam, do you take me for your Dog, your Spaniel, to fetch and carry, and shew tricks for you ?

Lady. Good Mr. *Mars*, be not so passionate.

Col. Ounds, Madam, do you think to rank me with Coxcombs ?

Sir John. Who the Devil does he call Coxcomb ? a Knight a Coxcomb ! that's impossible.

Just. I faith, if I thought he meant me, I'de bind him to the good Behavior : a Justice a Coxcomb ! that were a good one, i' faith.

Col. Death, Madam, I am not to be used thus.

Lady. Then, good Sir, leave me to those that will be used so ; I will divert my self here ; pray take you a Walk with my Cousin in the mean time, and see if she will use you better.

Col. With all my heart, Madam, give me leave to wait upon you, since she's no better company.

[*Ex. Col. and Isabella.*

Lady. Come, let me see what good qualities you have, give me leave to sit, and judge betwixt you, that I may chuse discreetly, a Chair in the first place, he that I marry must sing well, that's certain.

Sir John. Oh Pox, if singing will do, I'll fit you to a hair, i'faith.

Just. If I ever fail you in that, Madam---

Lady. Come on, Justice, and begin.

Just. Hem, will you hear how a Spanish Lady wooed an English Man?

Garments gay, as rich as may be,

Deckt with Jewels had she on.

Lady. Good Justice some other, I like not that so well.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, I thought how he'd please her.

Just. Now I shall fit you.

When as King Henry govern'd the Land,

The second of that Name,

Besides his Queen he dearly lov'd

A fair and Princely Dame.

Most parlous was her Beauty found,

Her favour and her face;

A sweeter Creature in this World

Did never Prince embrace.

Her crisped Locks, like Threads of Gold,

Appear to each mans sight:

Her comely Eyes, like Orient Pearls,

Did cast a heavenly light.

Lady. Well done, Justice, there's enough at once, now,
Sir John, try you.

Sir John. His is a foolish old fashion'd Song, Madam, but mine's of the new cast.

I dare,

*I dote, I dote, but am a Sot to show it,
 I was a very Fool to let her know it;
 For now she doth so cunning grow,
 She proves a friend worse than a foe.
 She'll neither hold me fast, nor let me go;
 She tells me I cannot forsake her.
 When straight I endeavour to leave her,
 She to make me stay
 Throws a kiss in my way:
 Oh then I could tarry for ever.*

Lady. Very well on both sides.

Sir John. But you shall hear what he says to her, 'tis fine,
 fine, very fine.

*But good Madam Fickle be faithful,
 And leave off your damnable dodging.
 Either love me, or leave me,
 And do not deceive me,
 But let me go home to my Lodging.*

De' see, Madam, God, that was smart.

Just. That smart! fy, your old Songs are better by half,
 they are more passionate.

*There was a rich Merchant man
 That was both grave and wise,
 He kil'd a man in Athens Town,
 Great quarrels there did arise.
 Oh a sweet thing is Love!
 It rules both heart and mind,
 There is no comfort in this World:
 To Women that are kind.*

Just. I think that was a good Trillo, Madam.

Lady. Very good:

Sir John. Madam, hear but one Song of mine, and if I do
 not put him down.

Oh.

*Oh my dear pretty Soul,
How thy black Eyes do rowl,
And rule without controul
My poor Heart.*

*How can my dear Jewel
Be to it so cruel,
When she can see well
His great smart?*

Nan. Oh Madam, he's the finest Gentleman in the World,
I shall die with looking on him.

Sir John. 'Tis very passionate and fine, Madam.

Lady. 'Tis very well indeed; but the next thing I must
make trial of, must be of your Dancing, for I must have a
Husband courtly and well bred.

Just. If I do not fit you for that, may I never examine
Malefactor more; why, I was a Reveller at *Graves-Inn* in my
youth, Madam.

Sir John. Begin, I fear you not.

Just. Here's no Musick, but I'll sing to my Dancing.

[He dances ridiculously.]

Lady. Very well, admirable well.

Sir John. Come, I'll dance the Minoutes, you do not
know what that is, Justice, ha, ha, ha.

Just. Pox on your French kickshaw Dances, I love your
true *Derby-shire* Horn-pipe.

[Sir John dances, and sings to it.]

*[Codshead and two or three more bring in
Crambo stick upon a Chair.]*

Codsh. Come, bring him hither for fresh Air, this is a
shrewd Fit, pray Heaven it does not carry him away.

Cramb. Oh, oh, Spleen, I am sick, sick.

Lady. What's the matter?

Codsh.

Codsh. Oh Madam, here's the Poet so sick, the Dev—
Oh--- he was in his Chamber writing, he fell into Raptures,
Ecstasies, Furies, heated, and swell'd, and big with Muse, and
cannot be delivered.

Just. Fetch a Midwife for him, ha, ha, ha.

Lady. Nan, fetch down some Cordial-water: can he not
speak? *Mr. Crambo!*

Cramb. Oh, oh, Fumes, Fumes.

Sir John. Death, he'll found, tweak him by the Nose, box
him on the Ears, let me come.

Codsh. Hold, Cousin, forbear.

Enter the Colonel and Isabella hastily.

Lady. Oh here's Mr. *Crambo* in a Fit of Poetry, as bad as
a Fit of the Mother.

Nan. Here's the Cordial, Madam, burn some Partridge-
feathers under his Nose.

Col. Pox, is this all? nothing but a Poet sick?

Lady. I see blockheaded Souldiers make nothing of a
Poet.

Enter Footpad and 1 Rogue.

Footpad. Will it please you to have any Musick?

Codsh. Ounds, you Rogue, is this a time for Musick?

Footpad. Sir, I heard your Poet was sick, and perhaps Mu-
sick may do him good, I have an excellent Song, how the
nine Muses invited a Poet to Dinner.

Codsh. Death, you Rascal, get you gone.

Lady. Hold, Mr. *Codsh.* it may do him good, and
please me, prethee Fellow sing it.

Footpad. 'Tis to the Tune of Cook Laurel.

*The Nine Lady Muses would make me their Guest,
And invited me to Parnassus to dine,
And promised me there a Poetical Feast,
And vow'd that their Helicon should turn to Wine.*

The

*The very first Dish was Heroical Verse
Bak'd in a Pasty with swelling pufft Paste;
No Gravy there was for me to rebearse,
'Twas dull to the appetite, dry to the taste.*

*Love-Sonnets in Lovers tears then were drest,
Stew'd in Love-sighs, and set by to cool,
With excellent Cream and Eggs of the best,
And then this Loves Dish all said was a Fool.*

*Then Epigrams dress'd and cook'd with pains,
With Vinegar, Limon, the Sauce full of Art,
And added unto it old Martials Brains,
So this all the Muses said was their Tart.*

*Sad Epitaphs, Elegies, if not mistaken,
Came to the Board, and so were set down;
They look'd like a Westphalia Gammon of Bacon,
In his long Cloke or black Mourning-gown.*

*Then like a Shoulder of Venison in blood,
A Tragedy dish't with Mustard, because
It drew down a Deluge of Tears like a Flood,
With bitter Herbs added to heighten the Sauce.*

*A Comedy sweet and poignant then came
By Natures Cook drest so finely and fit
With all the sweet Herbs that any can name:
For Spice, strew'd with Satyr, with Humour and Wit.*

*A Bisk or an Olio, then one in brings
With French Railleries and French Lampoons,
With Riddles in Rimes, and Posies for Rings: (Spoons.
For the Meat they used Knives, for the thin Broth their*

*Raw Fruit, great Dishes of School-boys Themes,
Then sharp and quick Jest, which all were preserv'd;
This flow'd like a flood of witty sweet streams,
And thus their Desert and Banquet was serv'd.*

The

*The Thespian Spring all the Poets told me,
Ravish'd the Palate, it was so divine,
Since Water and Wit can never agree,
They all concluded it was Spanish Wine.*

*The Muses then tun'd their Fiddles each string,
And vow'd for a while with them I should stay
To hear a merry Song, which they would sing :
When ended, I kiss'd their hands, and came away.*

Lady. 'Tis very well, there's money.

Just. Sir John, give him some money.

Sir John. Pox on you, was not my Pocket pick't?

Just. I shall have a hundred pound to be paid me, it lies at the Town within half a mile, I'll walk over for it presently.

Footpad. Do you hear that, Sir?

i Rogue. Ay, and am glad to hear it, we'll be with him, i' faith.

Lady. Carry him up to Bed.

[*They remove Crambo.*

Sir John. Peace, peace.

[*Sir John steals behind the Colonel, who stands with his hands behind him, and bites him by the Thumb.*

Just. Ha, ha, ha.

Col. kicks him. } Ounds, you Rascal, I reward you for your
Monkey-tricks!

Lady. How now, what's the matter?

Sir John. Nay I know not, Madam, I n'r saw the like in my life; he's the strangest cholerick person in the whole World, I vow to God, to box and kick a man for a Jest.

Lady. Pray, Sir, be civil.

Col. Madam, I must be civil to my Honour.

Sir John. Honour with a Pox! I never saw such a cholerick uncivil man, since I was born, as I hope to be sav'd.

Just. Swear the Peace against him, I'll give you my War-rant.

Codsh. Do you hear, Cousin ? if you do not fight with him, you are a shame to your Family, the Devil take me.

Sir John. Not I, why he's mad, I do not know what mischief he would do, if one should fight with him.

Lady. Gentlemen, I must leave you ; Justice, do you keep the Peace here. [Ex. *Lady Isab. and Nan.*

Codsh. Do you hear angry Colonel ? God take me you shall give satisfaction for this.

Col. Why, he'll ne're fight.

Codsh. 'Tis no matter, bring your Friend, and if he will not, I and another will, the Devil take me, in the Corn-field by the Gallows an hour hence,

Col. 'Tis a dreadful place ; but I le meet you, I'll seek a Friend.

Just. Come away.

Sir John. Well, I wish I may never stir, if ever I saw such a peevish Fellow. [Exeunt omnes.

ACT IV.

Enter Codhead.

Codsh. I Have at length got my Scene by heart ; but if the Colonel should kill me by and by, 'twould quite spoil my Scene.

*To're like the new sprung Lilies of the field,
Whose native colour, hum---*

Darkning the milkie way, hum---

Then says she,

Your Phrases make my modesty to blush.

Then I again,

*Then you appear like the new-budded Rose,
With modest blushes of Vermilion, hum---*

Vegetables-- hum-- hum-- odoriferous lustre.

Then says she,

My ignorance pleads my excuse.

Then.

Then I,

Lady 'tis love, your heart may feel that flame.

Then she,

I never knew yet what it was to love.

Then I,

I'll teach you, Virgin.

Pox, she's a Widow, I shall forget to alter that word; besides I am plaguily afraid of putting Oaths and Curses into the blank Verse.

Enter Doctor.

Then says she,

Oh, if this Love were constant.

Then I,

Constant as Rocks, that stand great Neptunes floods, &c.

Oh, Doctor, you are welcome, here's Poet Crambo is in a desperate condition.

Doct. I am come to try my skill upon him.

Codsh. I will have him brought out to you.

Enter Lady and Isabella.

Lady. Come, Doctor, are you come to work a Wonder, and make a dull Poet write?

Doct. I cannot do Miracles, but I'll do my best.

Codsh. Good Doctor do, and you shall be well rewarded, besides the honour of the Cure. [*They bring in Crambo.*]
Without your skill he is lost, 'tis a shrewd Fit.

Doct. Come, Sir speak, he cannot: here, take this Pen, can you write? No, he is far gone, his Muse is weak, he must have some Poetical Remedies. This it is to take impossibilities in hand, to think that Wit can go beyond the limits of Wit, they strain it into fustian and nonsense: well this fustian will be the death of some Heroick Poet or other; if they take not care, the very speaking on't is enough to bring the Actors into consumptions.

Lady. 'Tis true, Doctor; besides, that constant noise of Ringing, when every two Verses sound alike, like the Larum of a Clock, disturbs me, it makes my head ake to hear it.

Codsh. What say you to him?

Doct. Why, I think fit to apply a Cataplasm of *Homer*.

Codsh. By no means, Doctor, it would raise such vapours in his head with *Æacus*, *Minos*, and *Radamanthus*, 'twould make him ten times worse.

Doct. What do you think of *Anacreon* or *Pindar* for his Distemper?

Codsh. Oh, all Greek Poets, with the strange Characters of Crows feet in his head, would make him worse; besides he has made use of 'em all, and stole from every one of 'em, which he understands already.

Doct. Why then some Pills of *Virgil*.

Lady. I have heard he did but imitate *Homer*.

Codsh. Such lofty Lines are not fit for his weak stomach.

Lady. Oh, strong Lines would stick in his Throat, and choak him.

Codsh. What think you of a Cordial of *Horace*?

Doct. Oh, it will not work upon your Heroicks at all, he has too much sense in him for them: what if I should try *Ovid*?

Lady. That will make him metamorphose himself into Trees, and Beasts, and Birds.

Doct. Perhaps so, and his false Astronomy may do him harm, and then *Lucan* with his Swords, Darts, and Piles is too strong for him.

Codsh. Good Sir, try some English Poets, as *Shakespear*.

Doct. You had as good give him preserv'd Apricocks, he has too much Wit for him, and then *Fletcher* and *Beaumont* have so much of the Spanish Perfume of Romances and Novels.

Lady. That's true; besides they may put him into a whining Fit of Love, with Oh and Ah, with folded arms.

Isab. You had as good apply Liquorish and Sugar-candy to him, with *Pastor fido*.

By serpent Rivulets under shady Trees,

With Scrip of Cordovant and gaudy Hook.

Doct. The last Remedy, like Pigeons to the soles of the feet, must be to apply my dear Friend Mr. *Johnson's Works*, but they must be apply'd to his head.

Codsh.

Codsb. Oh, have a care, Doctor, he hates *Ben. Johnson*, he has an Antipathy to him.

Cramb. Oh, I hate *Johnson*, oh oh, dull dull, oh oh no Wit.

Doct. 'Tis you are dull; he speaks now, but I have less hopes of him for this; dull! he was the Honour of his Nation, and the Poet of Poets, if any thing will do't, he will bring your Poet into his Wits again, and make him write Sense and Reason, and purifie his Language, and make him leave his foolish phantastical heroick Fustian.

Codsb. Oh, have a care what you do, he hates him mortally.

Cramb. Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. Well, Sir, he must be forc'd to take *Johnson's* Works, his Disease is desperate, and he must have this Cure: come, remove him in, I'll order him.

Cramb. Oh, oh, no *Johnson*.

Doct. Come in with him, sick men still nauseate their Remedies. [Ex. Doctor and two carrying Crambo out.]

Lady. Cousin, prethee take the Key of my Cabinet, and take the Net-purse with Gold in it, and put it in his Pocket, 'tis a better Cordial than all the Doctor has named.

If b. I will, Madam; if money does not recover his senses, nothing will.

Lady. This is a Judgment upon him for stealing so, they say he never writ any thing that was his own.

Codsb. He was indeed a little given to filching; but now for my Scene, how shall I bring it in?

Lady your look is more victorious than I have ever seen it.

Lady. No sure, you're mistaken.

Codsb. Now, now.

*T'are like the new sprung Lily of the field,
Whose native colour, when it does appear,
Darkens what's light, it's self the tender flower,
So innocent it trembles to be toucht. The Devil----*

Oh, oh, I was cursing.

*Fearing a spot from the serener Air,
Darkning the milkie way of Stars so fair.*

Now

Now answer right, if it be thy will.

[*Aside.*]

Lady. Methinks I do not look so very pale as a Lily, though I confess I am very pale.

Codsh. Pox on't, she should have said,

Your Phrases make my modesty to blush.

But I'll go on, come what will, the Devil take me.

Then you appear like the new budded Rose,

With modest blushes of Vermilion die,

In your fair sight no Vegetable dare

sprout out, and be so impudent t'appear

In the high presence of Apollo's Court

Without your sweet and odoriferous lustre.

Lady. Odoriferous lustre! what's that?

Codsh. 'Sdeath, she should have said,

My ignorance pleads my excuse.

'Tis damn'd cross.

Lady 'tis Love, your heart may feel that flame.

Lady. This Fellow's mad sure; sure, Sir, you are troubled with Fumes like Poet Crambo.

Codsh. Why, there was another cross answer: she should have said,

I never yet knew what it was to love.

I will on.

I'll teach you, Virgin, Oh I forgot that,

[*Aside.*]

I'll teach you, Virgin Widow, what it is,

Love is to one, and does possess him all,

The rest of Females seem not Woman-kind - God take me.

Ounds, I was swearing and spoiling the Verse.

Contented sorrow and delightful trouble,

His sadness eas'd with sighs, on which he lives,

And melancholy thoughts his harmony;

Her looks his day, and soft perfumed speech

Is Musick to his Soul, and this is Love.

Lady. Either this Fellow is running mad, and has nonsense by inspiration, or has got some foolish Fustian of Crambo's by heart, and thinks to palm it upon me. You speak most eloquently.

Codsh.

Codsh. 'Sounds the Devil is in it: she should have said,
Oh, if this Love were constant, Sir.

Oh misfortune!

Lady. What troubles you, Mr. *Codshead*, will it not out?

Codsh. *Constant as Rocks, that stand great Neptunes floods,
 Or as the fixed Earth, which never moves,
 Or like the Gods Decrees, which are unalterable.*

Lady. Indeed, Mr. *Codshead*, this was a fine pen'd Scene, and spoken with skill; but I cannot now stay to hear you act any longer--- adieu. [Exit Lady.]

Codsh. I am undone beyond redemption, a Pox on this Poet *Crambo* and his Scene, what shall I do? But I must now about another business, I must make War instead of Love, and for the honour of our Family, but I must cheat Sir *John* unto it, he'll ne're fight, if he knows it; for my part I am so angry, I shall fight like a Devil.

Enter Sir John and Nan.

Sir John. But do you think you can bring about a Marriage with my Lady?

Nan. I warrant you, never doubt it, Sir, do you make good your promise, and I'll perform mine.

Sir John. Upon my Honour I will give you 500 Guinies upon the nail.

Nan. I'll do't, but *Codshead* observes us, leave me.

Sir John. Your humble Servant, sweet Mrs. *Anne*.

Nan. aside.] Your humble Servant, sweet Sir *John*; but I intend, good Sir, to supply my Lady's place, if it be possible: he is the finest, pretty, wild, merry Gentleman my eyes e're saw. [Exit Nan.]

Sir John. With all my heart, Cousin, we'll take a Walk together; which way shall we go?

Enter James and Margery.

Codsh. Towards the Gallows field.

Sir John. Come on, 'tis a fine Walk.

Codsh.

Codsh. I am sure he shall fight now, or have his Throat cur.

[*Ex. Sir John and Codsh.*]

James. Ay, you will be showing your self, with a Pox to you, where the Gentlemen are still? thou salacious Chambermaid.

Marg. Marry come up, go Snuff, take Pepper in the Nose, and have no Box to put it in.

James. Oh you Lolpot, you Scanderbag, you Slolop.

Marg. You Raggamuffin, you Drawlatch, you Scurff, you Nit.

James. Go you Carriers Pack, you Make-bate, you Spittle.

Marg. Are you grown so malepert, you Jail bird, you Mungrel, you Widgeon?

James. Oh you Face of ill Luck, you Drable-tail, you Drill.

Marg. Oh you lick-trencherly Scab, you Weasel, you Hang-panni r.

James. Marry Gip with a pestilence, you Jilflert, you Wriggle-tail.

Marg. I never wriggled to displease you, you scurvy Stinkard.

James. Go you Beggars Brat.

Marg. Indeed you are of an ancient Family, that which belongs to your no House, is an old Coat powdered with Vermine; I had a Brother was a Kinsman for a Merchant far beyond the Sea, and so hadst never thou Todpool.

James. You are of a Royal Stock indeed, have I not seen your Mother with a Petticoat of more patches than one can number, indented at the bottom, and so short, I saw up to her old cruel Garters, with her Stockins of three colours, three stories high, with Inle about her Hat, knitting at the Gate for an Alms?

Marg. My Mother was an honest Woman, I thank God, and that's more than you can say of yours.

James. She was so ugly, no body would touch her.

Marg. That's false, you Nit, there's not a body so ill favour'd, but some good body now and then will have a charity

rity for them. You were Son to the Gold-finder of the house, and were advanc'd, forsooth, by the Nursery-woman, because they found you a bold Boy always putting forward : Oh thou Epicrot, thou wouldst dissemble with thy own Father.

James. I'm sure thou art an Epigram, a great Epigram, thou eatest more than all the house.

Marg. Oh thou art as arrant a Taylor, that is, a whole Thief, and but the ninth part of a man.

James. Oh you proud Slatern, you have a fine place with your Vails and Nimming too ; how many ends of Cambrick, Lawn, Holland-lace, Ribbands, Hoods, Scarfes, Gloves, Masks hast thou stolen ?

Marg. Oh thou Camelion Rogue, thou never mad'st any thing in the house, but thou stolest something.

James. I am sure I am an honest man, and serve my Lady without ends, good Mrs. Tawdry.

Marg. You lie you Tyger, you have all the Candles ends.

James. That's a clinch, you Quean you.

Marg. It is not a lie, it is true ; what do you give me the lie in Greek, which you learnt of our Chaplain ?

James. By my Troth, *Margery*, thou hast made me desperate, I will do that which shall make your heart ake.

Marg. My heart ake ! why what will you do ?

James. What will I do ? why I will marry you.

Marg. Do your worst, I am ready to marry you, when e're you dare, I think we shall ne're be quiet till we do.

James. Why, we quarrel and live like Man and Wife already, we had as good marry, our quarrelling then will be more Canonical.

Marg. 'Tis all one, you shall find me as desperate as you can marry when you durst.

James. There's no more to be said, it must be so, I'll marry her to have lawful authority over her body. [*Aside.*

If after that the sauey Quean dares quarrel,

I'll use strict discipline, and hoop her Barrel.

K

Enter

Enter Justice with a hundred pound Bag under his Arm, in the Field.

Just. This hundred pound will do well, all my Rivals will be obliged to me.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Honest Justice, I am glad I have met you.

Just. Why, what's the matter, Colonel?

Col. I am to fight a Duel just by with Sir John Noddy, and Mr. Coddhead is his Second, and I wanted one, but now you'll supply the place.

Just. Why, I am a Justice of Peace, Sir.

Col. But you have Honour, have you not, Sir?

Just. Faith yes, a kind of Country honour, a Box of this French honour of Duels and Seconds fighting, but they have left it off, and we like Fools must continue in, but I'll not deny it, I was as good a Back-sword man in my time, as any at Grays-Inn, I tell you that I have had there many a Venue.

Col. You are a Man of Honour, and I am obliged to you.

Just. Faith I will now em, I will have a Leg or an Arm of tem at least; but what shall I do with my hundred pound?

Enter Footpad in the shape of a poor old Cripple.

Col. Let the Conqueror take it, 'twill be the spoil of the field by right of War.

Footpad. Bless you, sweet Masters, one penny to a poor Eazer for charity sake, which will gain you Heaven, thousands of blessed Acres for the cheap Purchase of a poor earthly transitory Penny.

Just. Get you gone, one cannot talk together for this Rascal.

Footpad. Good Gentlemen if not for charity, to be rid of me; Pox on these lazy Rogues, will they never come? Sweet-fac'd Gentlemen, Right Worshipful, Right Honourable, and well-beloved Gentlemen, spare a penny for the poor, vanquish with your bounty my numerous and horrid enemies, hungry,

hunger, thirst, cold, and saving your presence, lousiness, that makes me itch and scratch for your money: bless ye, sweet Masters; remember the poor.

Just. There, a Pox go with ye, one can never be quiet for those Beggars.

Footpad. A thousand blessings fall on you for your curses, when they come thus attended, bless you, Masters, bless you: a plague on those Rogues, will they never come? what an opportunity shall we lose?

Col. Yonder I think I see 'em coming.

Just. Let 'em come, I fear 'em not, i'faith, I'll slash 'em, have at a Leg or an Arm, I say.

Col. Ah brave Justice; but what will you do with your money?

Just. There's no body near, I think I had best make this poor Cripple hold it, he looks as if he were honest.

Col. If he were not honest, he's alone; and a Snail would out-run him.

Just. Come hither, poor Fellow.

Footpad. Bless you, sweet Master.

Just. You must do me a courtesie.

Footpad. I can do nothing, but pray for your sweet Worship.

Just. Take this hundred pound, and hold it till I go into the next Close, and dispatch a little business.

Footpad. Alas, Sir, I am a poor man, a wretched poor Cripple, that walks on wooden Legs, a Snail pace, with great agony and pain; alas, any body may take it from me.

Just. No, I'll trust thee with it.

Footpad. 'Tis a sign your Worship is weary of your money for the present, but I'll be faithful to your Worships Bag.

Aside. Now I shall do it without those Rogues.

Just. Come take it, man.

Footpad. Oh I shall never hold it, wanting my Limbs, both Legs and Arms, Sir.

Just. Come try.

[Gives him the Bag.

Footpad. Oh, I shall never hold it.

[Falls down with the Bag.

Oh, oh, that ever I was born! Oh the pain I suffer! Oh the heavy burthen of Riches!

Col. I never saw such a weak Fellow in my life, help him up, come give him his Crutches, tye it upon his back like a Knap sack. *[They tye it upon him.]*

Footpad. Oh, good your Worship, make haste, for I am not able to sustain this heavy burthen long.

Enter Sir John Noddy and Codfhead.

Col. They are come.

Footpad. Pray hear me, Gentlemen, though I am a poor man, I will do nothing behind your backs: Oh, oh, I am faint, oh, I am weak, oh, oh, I am ready to depart.

[He runs away, and leaves his Crutches, the Col. and Justice run after the Rogue.]

Just. Stop Thief, Rogue, Dog.

Col. This is a rare Cripple.

Codsh. Holloa, what do you run from us? you mighty Colonel, oh Cowards, hey Cowards.

Sir John. Ay, ay, they run, they yield, come let's be going, we have the Victory without fighting, prethee let's go, what should we stay for?

Codsh. Hold, I think I see them coming back again.

Sir John. The Devil you do! a plague on 'em, they do come, let's be going, they ran from us, and that's enough for our honour.

Codsh. You are my Cousin German, and you shall not put up a box on the Ear and a Kick; if you do, Sir, I will cut your throat my self, for the honour of my Family.

Sir John. Pox on the honour of my Family for me, would I were of another Family.

Codsh. Come bear up, and fight well, 'tis nothing; but God take me, if you offer to flinch, or fight scurvily, I will be in the body of you my self.

Sir John. Oh, Sir, let me tell you under the Rose, you have done very ill to train a man out, under pretence to walk, and then bring him to fight, that has no disposition to't,

let

let me tell you that I love to live in peace and quietness with all men, well *Beats pacifier* I say: Cousin, you are a bloody-minded man.

Codsh. Come bear up, thou shalt get Honour.

Enter Justice and Colonel.

Sir John. A Pox of Honour, if it cannot be had without venturing ones life for't, I ventured nothing but my money for my Knighthood.

Just. I'll send a Hue and Cry after him, there's no over-taking him.

Col. Come, Gentlemen, did you think we ran from ye?

Just. Run, quoth he! I'll have a Leg or an Arm, I assure you, before I part with you; run! with a washing blow I will cut off his left Ear.

Sir John. Oh Lord bless me, Cousin, a Raven flew over my head and croaked, besides the Salt was spilt towards me at dinner to day, what shall I do? Let's put it off till a more lucky day.

Codsh. No putting off I tell you.

Col. Come, Gentlemen, make ready, you shall find we are no Cowards.

Just. Come dispatch, I long to be at it; come, Mr. *Codsh.* head, I must wait upon you.

Sir John. What a Pox if I must die, I had as good die fighting, a Devil take 'em for provoking me to this, I'll be the death of one of 'em, if I can.

Enter Footpad and Rogues at a distance.

Footpad. Let's wait here for the spoil of the field, now is the time, run in and plunder.

[*They fight, and olose, and tumble down, and struggle upon the ground, the Rogues come in, and take away their Swords.*]

Rogues. Lye still all of ye, or we will stick you to the ground.

Col.

Col. How now, Rogues, what's the matter?

1. Rogue. Such another word, and I will cut your throat.

Sir John. Ha, I see fighting's nothing, but tis a scurvy thing to be rob'd after it is done.

Footpad. Come faggot them quickly.

Just. Oh Rogues, ha this was the Beggar.

Footpad. Your upper Garments we have, but now off with your Breeches, we must ease you of the vanity of fine

Cloaths.

3. Rogue. These must into our Wardrobe.

Codsh. Oh you Rogues, if I were loose—

Footpad. Who are the greatest Rogues ye or we? You were committing Murder contrary to Law, and we steal contrary to Law.

4. Rogue. Shall we strip off their Shirts too? they are of very good Holland.

Footpad. No hang't, we'll leave them decently: farewel, Gentlemen, the next that comes will unloose you.

1. Rogue. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

2. Rogue. Your Servant, your Servant, ha, ha, *[Ex. Rogues.]*

Sir John. This is fine Honott, i' faith, but I see fighting's nothing, any Blockhead may do it.

[Enter an Old Woman.]

Just. Oh good Woman, help us, help us.

Woman. What are you not well?

Codsh. Not very well, that's the truth on't.

Woman. For ought I know, you may have the Plague.

Col. No, no, nothing, but some sprinklings of the Pox, as Gentlemen should have.

Woman. Mercy on me, what a pickle you are in, almost as naked as you were born; who bound you thus?

Sir John. Thieves, Thieves, prethee no questions, but unbind us.

Woman. Marry, here's Cord enough to hang them all, if you could catch them— poor hearts, why you have hardly enough left to hide, hum— your hum, what de' call 'em?

Just.

Just. A small matter will do that now.

Woman. The more's the pity, I would have 'em hid better, now first undone help his Fellows, pray give me the Lines to hang my Linen on; they shall hang something, till they can light on the right owners.

Col. Common, Gentlemen, we have fought, and since we have satisfied our Honours, let's be friends.

Codsh. Come with all our hearts.

Sir John. Faith, Cousin, if I had my Sword, I have a great mind to have t'other bout at it.

Woman. Come, Sweet hearts, come to my house, and I'll get you such things as I have to warrant ye.

Just. Thou art a good Woman; come, Gentlemen, we'll cover our nakedness a little, and then to the Widows where we have Cloaths.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Enter Doctor and Grambo, and a Servant or two waiting.

Doct. Come on, *Johnsen* has wrought very well, I shall recover you again.

Gramb. Do you think so, *Doctor*? His Spiten is a cruel thing.

Doct. You have a spice of the Pox too, you will never be perfectly well till you flux; but I'll patch you up to write well enough for the present.

Gramb. Ha, here's Gold in my Pocket, how came this here? this is the Cordial, this will make me write better, by your favour, than Quick-silver: what good Angel has done this?

Enter Lady Haughty and Isabel.

Lady. How now, *Doctor*, how does your Patient?

Doct. Your Ladyship is come to see the last operation, give me the Bottle of Burgundy Wine; drink lustily; give me some more Wine to anoint his Temples; so, so, so now for my Charms.

Doctor.

Doctor. *Te Gods this Poet now restore,*
Or else he never will write more;
Him with Poetick flames inspire,
And give him a Celestial fire;
Give him fresh Fancies, new, unknown,
Ne'er let him write but what's his own.

A Poet is not made, but born,
All helps of reading he should scorn,
Ne'er vexes Authors, but will look
On the whole World, that's in his Book.
Let him not here languishing lye,
Restore him now, or let him dye.

Crambo. *How's this! I find my self renew'd,*
And all obstructions that were crude,
Quite banisht from my head and heart,
My health I find in every part,
My blood flows high, and swells each vein,
I'm brought to common sense again;
All fumes are dissipated clear,
My Fancies flame does now appear.
To Lab. *In it's full lustre, This power lyes*
I'th radiant beams of your bright Eyes.

Enter Nan.
Nan. Oh, Madam, we are undone, undone.

Lady. What's the matter?
Nan. Oh your Ladiship's Closet-lock has been pick't, and your little Casket with Jewels is stollen.

Lady. My Jewels stollen! Oh misfortune, whom should we suspect?

Nan. It seems the two Fidlers that sung and play'd, when Mr. Crambo was sick, stole out of the house of a sudden, and took no leave, besides they were lurking hereabouts.

Lady. Send one immediately for Gervas my Grange-man, he is Constable, let him make speedy search for 'em.

Nan.

Nanc. I will, Madam.

Enter Margery.

Marg. Oh, Madam, your gilt Caudle-cup is stollen, what shall I do?

Enter Butler.

Butl. Madam, I beg upon my knees, you'l pardon me.

Lady. For what?

Butl. There's forty pounds worth of Plate stollen out of the Buttery.

Isab. Unconscionable Rogues to steal so much!

Lady. Let's to my Closet, perhaps they have stollen more. Cousin, send out my Servants every way in search for 'em.

[*Ex. all but Doctor and Crambo.*]

Enter Justice, Colonel, Sir John and Codhead in

Rugs, Mantles, &c.

Doct. Whom have we here?

Cramb. What's this, an Interlude? Mr. *Codhead*, what's the matter?

Codsb. Oh, are you recover'd?

Cramb. Rob'd?

Sir John. Ay, rob'd, stript just as you see.

Cramb. Ha, ha, ha.

Doct. I took you for Highlanders, ha, ha.

Sir John. De you hear? If you laugh I will fight with you both, Gentlemen, let me tell you that.

Doct. Be not angry, Sir, the House is rob'd of Plate and Jewels, and Lord knows what: my Lady has sent to search.

Just. I have sent a Hue and Cry by *Gervas* the Constable; but I am plaguily cold, let's in to dress us a little, and drink a Bottle to comfort us.

Col. I am damnably cold, come let's in.

Cramb. Come on. Rob'd, quoth he! ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Footpad solus.

Footpad. So, I have sent my fellow Rogues away to dispose of the Cloaths and some transitory Moveables, and have appointed 'em to meet elsewhere, for this place will be too

L

hot

hot for us. Here has been a brave harvest, but I have sliak and cheated my Comerades of all the Jewels and Plate, *Omnia mea mecum porto*. These Riches make me ambitious; if I live six months longer, I shall do my business, for ought I know, be able to buy a place, for any Rogue may have a place that will give money enough; let me see, a place in the Custom-house to take Bribes, and cheat the King there, or an Office in some Court in *Westminster-Hall*, where the formality and noise may hide my Roguery.

[*A noise within of follow, follow.*]

But hark, what noise is that? by Heaven it is a Hue and Cry, my ambition is nipt in the bud. What shall I do for my life?

Enter a Fisherman.

Footpad. Honest Fellow, what art thou?

Fish. A poor Fisher, I came to see if the fish will bite in this part of the Brook.

Footpad. Death, what shall I do? Good honest Fisherman change Coats and Hats with me, and give me thy tackling, and here's three pieces for thee quickly.

[*A great noise of follow, follow.*]

Fish. With all my heart, and thank you too.

[*The noise continues.*]

Footpad. Quick and be gone, say nothing, there's the money.

Fish. Thank you, Sir.

[*Exit Fisher.*]

Footpad. I will sit unconcern'd, and throw in my Line, I will sing too, fa, la la la, fa la.

Enter the Constable with Bill-men with Hue and Cry, crying, Follow, follow, follow.

Const. How now, Fisherman, did you see no body here?

Footpad. Alas, Sir, how can a body see no body?

Const. No Thieves I mean, thou sot.

Footpad. Bless me from Thieves, Sir, I saw no Thieves.

Const. What dost thou fish for?

Footpad. I am hired for six pence a day, Sir, and meat and drink.

Const.

Const. But for what fish I mean?

Footpad. Why, for Gudgeons, Sir.

1 Billman. Fy, Mr. Constable, a man of your beard and Authority neglect your Hue and Cry thus!

Const. Cry you mercy, good Sir, Information makes me wiser than my Billmen: fare thee well simple Fellow.

[*Ex. all but Footpad.*

Footpad. Are you gone?

[*Noise of follow, follow.*

Counter you Puppies, you hunt Counter: well how did I dwindle before lawful Authority? like *Holland Veal* before the fire: Oh, guilt's a strange thing, and conscience, but nothing troubles my conscience but hanging, that raises many scruples.

Enter Constable and Billmen.

Oh Heaven! they return, methinks, I smell Hemp already.

1 Billman. Why, will you go back again?

Const. You shall instruct me in my Office, shall you! I know what I do, I ne're saw that Fellow before, apprehend that Fellow.

2 Billman. Oh fy, what do you do? he's a poor silly Fellow.

Const. Peace, I say; first and formost, Sir, I ask you, are not you a Rogue?

Footpad. I a Rogue, Sir! alas I am a poor man.

Const. Poor man! God forbid, but a poor man may be a Rogue sometimes as well as a rich man, Heaven makes no difference of persons. Were not you a Pedler once, a singing Pedler? hah, I have seen that face: besides, Neighbours, I have skill in Physiognomy, I served one Mr. *Matthew Mat-tical*, that lived at a Town call'd *Euclid*, and taught a petty School of A, B, C, there. Well answer me, were not you a singing Pedler?

Footpad. A plague on the Rascal.

[*Aside.*

I, Sir! I have no voice, not so much as for Ballers.

Const. I warrant you you'll have singing enough to make a shift to be hang'd with.

Footpad. Sir, I cannot read.

L 2

Const.

Const. Nor write ? I shall come home to him.

Footpad. I can write but one letter for my Name, which is *T.* for *Thomas*.

Const. I shall come up to you by and by ; Neighbours, this is an equiblicating Rascal, for *T.* stands for Rogue, as well as *Thomas*, or else my Learning fails me.

Billman. By'r Lady, Mr. Constable, that may be very well.

Const. Then, Sir, you were a Gypsie afterwards, I have heard of your tricks.

Footpad. A Gypsie! [*aside*] methinks I feel the Noose already. What is a Gypsie ?

Const. What is a Gypsie ? why a Gypsie is, a--- a--- a--- Gypsie. Do you think to stumble Authority ? you'll examine me, will you ?

Billman. A Gypsie steals Poultry and Linen, and is born in a far Country, where it rains Bacon and Walnuts upon their faces, which makes 'em so tawny.

Const. Filly, fally, will you teach me Geogrecum, Mr. *Vicar* show'd me the place in the Map, a place with a little green about it, and hard by it the Sea, where, Heaven bless us, a fish spouts out water out of its head ; but you hinder the proceedings of Justice.

Billman. It was *Nilus* and *Crocodils*, bless us all.

Const. I know not those foolish words, but do not interrupt Authority ; but then, Sir, you were a Beggar, I can hear of your Rogueries.

Footpad. Death, I shall shrink to skin and bones before this Fellow. [*Aside*

Const. Were not you a Beggar ? answer to that.

Footpad. I was never a rich man, not I.

Const. Ay, how cunningly the Rogue answers ! I shall be with you by and by. Then, Sir, you came like a Souldier.

Footpad. A Souldier's a very honourable Profession, they say.

Const. But I would be loth to be alone with your Honour in a narrow Lane for all that ; and now, Sir, last of all, Sir, you are a Fisherman, Sir, and think that will carry it off.

Foot-

Footpad. Why, Sir? there have been very good men Fishermen.

Const. I marry, Sir, better than you, or I would pull off all the heads of my Wife's Apostle-Spoons, I tell you that.

2 *Billman.* Pray, Mr. Constable, let him go, he's a poor silly Fellow.

Const. Have patience, Neighbours, I will apprehend some body, that's certain, they'll say I am idle else in my Office, therefore I will apprehend him.

Footpad. Death, I shall be hang'd, the Assizes too are here now, I shall be hang'd presently. [*Aside.*]

1 *Billman.* Good Mr. Constable let him go, the next Justice will but laugh at you.

Const. Will he? then I'll laugh at the Justice, and so we'll be merry in our Offices, and there's an end on't, search him, I say search him. [*The Rogue strives a little.*]

1 *Billman.* Hah, here's a little Box, hah, 'tis full of Jewels I think.

Const. Oh is it so! you are wise.

2 *Billman.* Here's Plate too in his Trousers, come out with it, out with it. [*They pull out several pieces of Plate with a Bag of Money.*]

Footpad. Well, I'm not a man of this world: Oh murderous Villain that invented Gallows's!

Const. Now, Neighbours, who is wise, you or I? I thought I should hamper him: now you see these things are taken about him, *Ipsum factum*, we'll carry him to the Assizes which now sit, this is the last day, he shall be last condemned, and hang'd forthwith: who is wise now, Neighbours?

1 *Billman.* Nay, Mr. Constable, you are even the luckiest at being wise that ever I knew.

Footpad. Oh damn'd misfortune! Oh Rogues! I hope you will be hang'd shortly, some of ye at least.

Const. Are you angry, Sir? the Hangman will anger you worse: look to the stollen Goods, and carry 'em to my Lady some of you, go and search for his Comarogues, while I with the rest of ye convey him.

Foot-

Footpad. Oh my curst Stars! must this be the end of me?
Well I have had a merry life, though a short one.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT V.

Enter Lady, Isabella and Nan.

Isab. **M** Adam, since your Jewels and Plate is all restored,
'tis pity the poor Rogue should be hang'd.

Lady. I hope he will not, for the Court is not far off here
in the Country this Vacation, and I have sent to my Lord
my Brother, to get a Reprieve for him of the King.

Nan. If it come not soon he will be hang'd, this is Execu-
tion day.

Lady. I gave my Man a strict charge to make haste, he rides
Post: how now, what would you have?

Enter James and Margery.

James. *Margery* and I have a Petition to your Ladiship.

Lady. What's that?

Marg. I beseech your Ladiship you would please to let
me have our *James* in lawful Wedlock.

Lady. Is that it? are you contented, *James*?

James. Yes, Madam, I would fain be at I *James* take thee
Margery.

Lady. Why, Marriage is honourable.

James. Yes, Madam, right honourable, and please you.

Lady. I have heard strange things of you, did you never
abuse my House?

Marg. I'm sure your Ladiships House has often abused us,
for they speak their pleasures of us.

Lady. To you *James* I speak, have you behaved your self
well and honestly with *Margery*?

James.

James. I must refer my self to her for that, she knows my Behaviour.

Marg. Truly, Madam, he has done what he could, and no man can do more than he can, I must justify him so far, or else I were no good Christian.

Lady. Hold your peace: *James*, I ask you, Did you never naughtily together?

James. I swear we did always well together, as I thought, speak *Margery*.

Marg. Truly, *James*, I find no fault, neither could my Lady, if she knew all.

Lady. You are so full of your prattle; did you use no uncleanness in my house?

James. I rub'd every place as clean as I could, Madam.

Lady. You Blockhead, I mean was there no fornication betwixt you?

James. I'll swear by all the Books in *England*, I know not what fornication is, 'tis too fine a word for us poor folks to understand.

Marg. Fornication is fit for your Ladiship, God bless us, what should we meddle with such things? I have heard the Chaplain speak of it, indeed he could instruct one, if he would.

Lady. Come Huswife, I hear you are with child by him.

Marg. With child, Madam! I'm sure no body can say black's mine eye, and they speak true.

Lady. No, your eye's gray; but they say you are with child by him, Huswife.

Marg. Well, Heaven forgive my enemies; if I be with child it will come out, that's certain, in spite of all my adversaries.

Lady. Well, 'tis time enough to marry these two or three months.

James. Oh 'tis not, if your Ladiship knew all.

Marg. Pray let it be now, Madam, we have been made fast, Madam, ask *James* else.

James. Ay, fast and loose again often, we were betrothed for the honour of your Ladiship's house.

Marg.

Marg. Good Madam, think of a poor frail Woman by your self.

Lady. Go, go together, the sooner the better.

James. Thank your Ladiship.

Enter Cook and Mall.

Isab. What's here another Couple?

Lady. How now, *John Cook*, what would you have?

Cook. Why, Madam, I have serv'd your Ladiship these seven years honestly, without thinking of Matrimony, or of any kind of concupiscence, to the dishonour of your House.

Lady. And what then?

Cook. I have a violent inclination, if your Ladiship please, to fall aboard on this young Maiden by the way of Wedlock.

Lady. And are you agreed to't, *Mall*?

Mall. Yes, Madam, I think so, if your Ladiship will not be an anger'd, he does keep much a coil with one, one can ne're be quiet for him, unless one marries him, I think.

Cook. The Chaplain will be here within this hour.

Lady. Stay two or three months, and consider.

Cook. Not I by the faith of my body, I have held out already as long as I can, the fire makes us cholerick and very amorous, and my passion is so violent, I cannot stay; if you love the honour of your House, let us marry, for we are now roasting in love, and we shall burn else.

Lady. Well take your course, hanging and marrying day comes together I see now.

Cook. Thank your Ladiship.

Isab. 'Tis Execution-day here, Madam, now.

Lady. If 'twere your Execution-day, you'd not desire a Reprieve; but where are my Guests?

Nan. They were rob'd and stript, and are drinking and comforting themselves with the Bottle, and have drunk pretty deep already. Now, Madam, will be my time for Sir *John Noddy*, he has promised me 500 pounds to marry him to your Ladiship, I intend to save him that money, and marry him to my self for nothing.

Lady.

Lady. This Footpad's a brave Rogue, I would not have him hang'd. But how canst thou bring the Marriage about?

Nan. Let me alone for that, if your Ladiship be pleased to lend me your Diamond Ring and Bracelets, and one of your Gowns, I do not doubt it.

Lady. With all my heart : come, Cousin, be not disconsolate, here's my hand, thou shalt have the Colonel.

Isab. I think not of him, Madam.

Lady. Allons, let's go. [Ex. *Lady, Isabella, and Nan.*

*A drunken SCENE of Sir John, Justice,
Colonel, Codshead, Crambo, Doctor,
and Servants waiting.*

Just. Come, we have drunk long enough in the Buttery, let's to't here now.

Col. Get some Champions, Caviary, and Potargo.

Just. In the Name of Heaven do you conjure? why, they are three Devils Names, are they not?

Sir John. And do you hear, bring some *Westphalia* Bacon.

Just. There was one Mr. *Francis Bacon*, a very pretty hopeful man of our house, that did write Essays; he would have made a pretty man, if he had liv'd till now.

Col. Oh eternal Blockhead, did you never write Essays?

Just. I did essay to write Essays, but cannot say I writ Essays. Oh this Wit is such a thing, 'twill never leave one.

All. Very good, very good.

Cramb. How prettily it clinches upon the word!

Col. Come, let us sit.

[As the Col. is sitting down, Sir John pulls the Chair from under him, and gives him a Fall.

All laugh.] Ha, ha, very good.

Just. Ah, Sir John, you are the merriest man, ha, ha, ha.

Col. Ounds, I'll reward you.

[They draw.

Cramb. God forgive me, their Swords out, what shall I do? [Crambo runs up and down.

Sir John. Ay, come I am as ready to fight as your Worship, and you be for fighting, i'faith I'll fit you.

Codsh. Prethee, Cousin, be quiet.

Sir John. I'faith, I cannot help it, I do so love to be merry, and the Colonel is so peevish.

Just. Come i'faith, Colonel, there was no harm meant.

Col. Well, fit, I'll endure it for once.

Just. sings.] Come, give me some Wine.

*Oh this Wine
Is most divine,
Give me the Cup,
I'll drink't all up,
Here's every sup.*

Col. Justice, tye up your Poetick fury.

Just. I have done.

Col. Prethee Poet, let's have some conceit of yours.

Codsh. Ay, prethee Mr. Crambo break a Jest.

Cramb. I cannot break a Jest, I am best at Translation, I'll tell you one.

*Mittitur in disco mihi piscis ab Archiepisco
Po non ponatur, quia potus non mihi datur.*

Just. Very pretty, *po non ponatur*, alluding to *potus*, because he gave him no drink, being part of *Archiepiscopo*, excellent.

Col. Quiet your Exposition.

Cramb. I render'd it thus,

*Here in a Dish
Is sent me some fish
By the Archbish,
Hop was not there,
Because he sent me no Beer.*

Col. A Pox on this Poet, he has stolen this, 'tis old, but they make nothing of that.

Doct. The most happy Translation in the world, never any thing so fine.

Codsh. Oh, that I could have made such a one, 'tis a very happy one.

Col.

Col. By your leave, I see no such great happiness, all the happiness is in Hop.

Just. Why, Colonel, Hop makes Beer, there's the conceit, and the Hop joyning to Bish, puts down the Original *po* for *potus* most egregiously, i'faith.

Col. Again your Explanation.

Doct. I profess it is as good as *Dæmon languebat*, or the Devil was sick: or, *Cum socio mingas, aut saltem mingere singas*.

Col. But, good Mr. Crambo, let's hear something of your own.

Cramb. I write very little of my own, I borrow most.

Col. That's a civil word for stealing, for such borrowers never pay again.

Cramb. I'll try if I can remember.

Where is the Man?----- Ah hum.

Where is the Man?----- Pish.

I protest I have such a treacherous memory, Oh I have it.

Where is the Man that never heard

of Dido Carthage Queen.

Doct. *Where is the man, strange!*

Just. Admirable! *Where is the man, oh lofty, very lofty.*

Cramb. Let me see.

Where is the Man that never heard

Of Dido Carthage Queen, whose Castle Walls

Did loudly echo to her amorous sighs.

Doct. Oh admirable, *The Walls echo to her sighs!*

Just. Then the loud Echo to a sigh, strong, pithy!

Codsh. Fine, fine, very fine, the Devil take me.

Col. Why, an Echo to a sigh is nonsense, Gentlemen, a loud Echo is worse.

Doct. Oh fy, it is Poetical.

Just. Very Poetical.

Cramb. Ay, ay, 'tis Poetical.

Col. That which you mean by Poetical is nonsensical I find; but come hither, Waiter, did you ever hear of *Dido Carthage Queen*?

Footman. No by my Troth, Sir, not I never in my life, I

hope your Worship does not think so ill of me, for, i'faith, some body has done me some ill office, I never was acquainted with her in my life.

Just. Oh 'tis very fine! the Colonel's Genius does not lie this way: Oh very fine! Pray let's hear some more on't.

*Where is the man that never heard
Of Dido Carthage Queen.*

*Col. taking } Here is the man that never heard
James. } Of Dido Carthage Queen.*

Just. Is't possible?

Doct. What an unlucky Fellow's this!

Just. Oh Heaven! there's the best line that ever was, spoiled by a Footman.

*[Sir John steals behind the Justice, and
pins him to the Chair.]*

Cramb. Lord, how ignorance will overthrow Learning sometimes! who would write in this Age?

Col. Come, Justice, I find you are very forward, let's hear you recite some of your Works.

Just. Come on, Colonel, I'de have you know when I was at the University, I was as arch a Scab, as notable a Wag, as any was in the Colledge.

Sir John. Come on, Justice, i'faith; but put about a Glass, I begin to be almost tipsied, i'faith.

Cramb. So am I too, a little overjoy'd.

Just. Now you shall hear my University Verses, the heat of my Youth, I made an Elegy upon one Mr. *Murrials* Horse that died there.

*Oh cruel Mors
That kill'd the Horse
Of Mr. Murial!
Oh Scholars all
Of Pembroke-Hall
Come to his Burial.*

Sir John. Very good, i'faith.

Just. Nay, when I was a young man, nothing could scape me, nothing, i'faith.

Col. Ha, ha, very witty, to't again, Justice.

Just.

Just. Well then, there was a Man, his Wife, Son, and Daughter that died, I writ this on 'em.

Here lies John Sanderson, and here lies his Wife.

Here lies his Dagger, and here lies his Knife.

Here lies his Daughter, and here lies his Son.

And oh, oh, oh, oh, for John Sanderson.

Ha, ha, what say you?— hum.

Col. Excellent at Epitaphs both of Man and Beast.

Just. Then some Rogues stole Sheep from one Mr. Prat, I made these upon good Mr. Prat.

Your Weathers were fat,

We thank you for that.

We left the Skins

To buy your Wife Pins,

Thank her for that.

We left the Horns

Upon the Thorns,

Look you to that.

Ha, ha, there was not such a Rakehel in the Town again. They saw I could not be a Divine, and so I was sent to the Inns of Court, i'faith.

Codsh. I will steal away, and go to my Lady.

[*Ex. Godhead.*]

Just. Then at London I had such a fancy at Rebuses, Libels, and Lampoons, this whorson riming would not leave me, I made this upon one Rawly.

What's indigested with the word of disgrace

Is the Gentleman's name that hath a bad face.

Raw is indigested, and ly the word of disgrace, Rawly : had I been catcht I had been firkt i'faith. Then upon one Noel.

The word of denial, and the Letter of fifty

Is the Gentleman's name, that will never be thrifty.

No, the word of denial, and L. the Letter of fifty, Noel. Had I been known I had been paid, i'faith ; but Wit will have its sting in spite of the Privy Council, i'faith it will.

Cramb. I must beg leave to be gone, I dare not drink more.

[*Ex. Crambo.*]

Col. Ay, prethee go, thou art a damn'd dull Fellow.

Sir

Sir John. What a pox is this, one of your Wits? Go they are dull Fellows, the Clinchers are rare men indeed, give me your harmless Joques. You shall hear a Clincher run from Dioper Napkin, Nipkin to King *Pippin*, i'faith in Wit; I have heard a Dean do it.

Col. Did you ever keep company with a Dean?

Sir John. Yes, yes, and with Privy Councillors too; but they are too grave for me, they will be asking what navigable Rivers, what Commodities our Country abounds in, what Market-Towns, how they are inclin'd, who governs the Country best; but you little think what manner of man, I think, the wittiest man I ever met with in my life.

Just. No, i'faith, *Sir John*: fore God, Colonel, I begin to be as drunk as a Drum.

Sir John. I'll tell you now you talk of a Drum, the Devil take me, 'twas a Drummer I spoke of.

Col. A Drummer a witty man!

Sir John. Ay, the wittiest Rogue, my intimate friend, I call him *Tom*, and he calls me *Jack*, for all I am a Knight; he can break a jest upon his Drum, would make you split your sides.

Col. How so?

Sir John. He will purr upon the Velum, and then rap upon the wood, makes all the people laugh, and forty other excellent qualities, he is the best company in the world, he will act any thing in the world, he will act a stubble Goose flying over a Gutter, he will act a company of Hogs justling in straw for room, but he was old Dog at a Parret and a Turkeycock.

Just. This is a rare man indeed.

Sir John. Oh this is nothing, why as well as living Creatures, he would act any thing that had not life in it, as a Pig upon the Spit, nay I have seen him act a Windmill.

Col. A Windmill!

Sir John. A Windmill, any thing in the world, a Weathercock, a Cart-wheel ungreas'd, a door off the Hinges; but he has the finest Songs in the world, he sings this rarely.

And then he did as he was wont,

For he took her fast by the ha, ha, ha.

So

So Gentleman-like, so civil it comes off, without any scurrility in the world.

Col. Methinks 'tis rude.

Sir John. Oh by your favour, Sir, he means nothing; if wicked interpretation wrest it, who can help it?

Just. In troth it is very pretty.

Sir John. Oh 'tis pity that the Author is forgot, he was certainly the best Lyrick Poet in the world, and deserves a Statue of Brass.

And then he did as he was wont,

For he took her fast by the ha, ha, ha.

But drink about a brimmer to my friends health: here, Justice, to you.

Just. Come on, Sir John.

Col. Doctor, wake, what's the matter?

Doct. Drunk, drunk, double, double drunk.

Just. Come let's have one Catch, i'faith, I have the rarest one in the world, the wittiest and the merriest.

Sir John. Come on i'faith, Justice.

Just. Oh the merry time I have had with this Catch!

What if I turn this over my Thumb,

Then thou art no boon,

Then thou art no boon Companion,

Companion, Companion,

Oh then thou art no boon Companion.

But now you shall hear.

But what if I turn this over my Tongue,

Oh then thou art a boon,

Oh then thou art a boon Companion,

Companion, Companion,

Oh then thou art a boon Companion.

Sir John. Very fine; but, Colonel, you want the Drummer's health.

Col. I'll drink ne're a Drummer's health in Christendom.

Sir John. You had not best refuse my friends health, I say do not provoke me.

Col. Provoke you! why, what will you do?

Sir.

Sir John. What will I do? why I will beat you as long as I am able to beat you, or as long as you are able to be beaten.

Col. Death, you Rascal, beat me! take that. [*Strikes him.*]

Sir John. Come, Sir, have at you, I'll tickle your sides.

Just. Hold, hold, Colonel: why, *Sir John*, are you mad?

Doct. Ay, ah, *Sir John*, are you mad?

[*Justice rises with the Chair hanging to his Breech, two or three hold Sir John.*]

[*The Doctor wakes and runs towards them, and falls down.*]

Sir John. Let me go, Oh my Honour, my Honour! I'll cut his throat, Oh let me go, my Honour, my Honour!

Col. Ne're trouble your self, I shall find a time to answer you. [*Ex. Colonel.*]

Enter Nan.

Sir John. Oh but my Honour, my Honour, Gentlemen, that's the thing.

Nan. How now, what's the matter here?

Sir John. Nothing, but I have been fighting a little for my Honour, nothing else.

Just. I will steal out, I am something too drunk, and will repose a while. A pox on this *Sir John* for hanging this Chair at my Breech, it must be he.

[*Ex. Justice, and all but Sir John and Nan.*]

Nan. Don't talk of Honour, now this is the time to look after your Love.

Sir John. Alas, you cannot blame me, my Honour's dear to me; but what progress have you made in my Love?

Nan. So much, that she will marry you presently, and that she says after a while will stop every body's mouth, and free her from all trouble of Suitors that persecute her daily.

Sir John. A thousand thanks, good Mrs. Anne; but how shall I do to be married? under the Rose I am damnably drunk.

Nan. That's nothing, you are sober enough to speak after a Parson.

Sir John. I'll make a shift.

Nan.

Nan. But I must tell you, my Lady will be married privately, and with her Vail on, that it may not be proved, though suspected; for she has some Suits at Law in her name, which are near ended: and if her Marriage be known, or can be proved, they must be begun again in your's.

Sir John. My Lady has reason; but how shall I know that it is she? I may marry another instead of her.

Nan. You'll know her by her rich Cloaths, her Diamond Ring, and her Bracelet, besides you shall see her face just before.

Sir John. That's well, sweet Mrs Anne, thou shalt have thy 500 Guinies.

Nan. Go you, and wait you in your own Chamber, I'll bring her and the Parson to you.

Sir John. Adieu, dear Soul, if I should fall asleep, being drunk, prethee dear Rogue, wake me.

Nan. I will, but be gone quickly.

Sir John. Adieu, dear, dear Love. [Ex. *Sir John*.]

Enter Lady, and Codhead, and Colonel.

Codsh. Dear Madam, believe me, adad, no man can love your Ladiship better, adad, they cannot, no adad.

Lady. Adad, Sir, no body loves you less than I do, adad they do not, no adad. I have private business with the Colonel, pray leave us, Sir, a while.

Codsh. Well, no more to be said, private business with the Colonel, says she? is it thereabout? I will cut the throat of this Colonel; but I am now as drunk as an Owl: I'll go sleep first, Madam, I leave you to your private business: Farewel.

[Exit *Codhead*.]

Lady. Colonel, you are a Gentleman of Quality and Worth, and I will undeceive you, the rest are Coxcombs, and will not be answer'd.

Col. What do you mean, Madam?

Lady. I will never marry any man, I am resolv'd to live in freedom.

Col. Why then it cannot be help'd, there's an end on't.

N

Lady.

Lady. But if you will marry my Cousin, I will add so much to her Fortune, as shall redeem your Estate.

Col. Da God, Madam, and thank you too; this is that I would have chosen, she's a very pretty Gentlewoman.

Lady. Go find her, and make your application to her presently.

Col. I will, Madam: your Servant. [Exit Colonel.

Nan. Oh, Madam, if your Ladiship does not stand my friend I am undone, now is the time.

Lady. How so?

Nan. I have planted Sir John Noddy, be pleased to lend me your Diamond Ring and Bracelet.

Lady. There; but what then?

Nan. If your Ladiship would be pleased now to step up with me into his Chamber, and only say to him you will come presently, and then go out, and put off that Petticoat, and lend it me, I were sure of him.

Lady. With all my heart, and much good may it do you with him. Here comes the Colonel and my Cousin, I'll withdraw. [Ex. Lady and Nan.

Enter Colonel and Isabella.

Col. Faith, Madam, I think my Lady's proposition is very reasonable, and da God, Madam, if you can like me, let's make as few words as can be about it.

Isab. You are the hastiest Colonel that ever was.

Col. Faith, Madam, I am in haste, and that's a sign of great Love; I love you ten times better than the Widow; I am an honest blunt Fellow, but da God you shall find me a Man of Honour.

Isab. I do not doubt your Honour, but I must be careful of my own.

Col. The best way for your Honour is to marry quickly; if marrying be a good thing, why then the sooner the better: I am honest, you shall find I will love you very well, and use you as a Gentleman should do, and that's the short and long on't: never stand, Shall I, Shall I, but take my Lady in the Humour.

Isab.

Isab. Good Colonel, you'l over-let me, give me leave to retire and consider a while : your Servant. [Ex. *Isab.*

Col. Nay I'll not leave her, I am resolv'd on't, till I get her in the humour. [Ex. *Colonel.*

Enter Footpad with Officers to be hang'd, and a great many people, Men, Women, and Children following him.

Officers. Room for the Prisoner there , room for the Prisoner.

Footp. Make room there, 'tis a strange thing , a man cannot get to be hang'd without crowding for it.

1 Fellow. Pray, Sir, were not you akin to one *Hinde* ?

Footp. No, I had run away faster then.

2 Fellow. Pray Prisoner before your death clear your conscience, and tell me truly, Had you not a Gingerline Cloth-Cloke of mine with an Olive Plush Cape, bound about with a little Silver Galoon Lace.

Footp. I scorn your thread-bare lowsie Cloke, you had best send to *London* to search *Long-Lane* , and hang some Broker for't.

Woman. Pray answer me, as you have a Christian Soul, did not you steal all my head-gear once ?

Footp. Pox on your gear, I never medled with it.

Marg. I am sure you had my Lady's gilt Caudle-cup.

Footp. Yes, and would have kept it, but she has it again, has she not ?

James. And the Plate out of my Buttery.

Footp. Well, and had she it not again ? what a pox would you have ? You examine me as if you would hang me, after I am hang'd : pray Officers rid me of these impertinent people, and let me die in quiet.

1 Woman. Oh Lord how angry he is ! that shews he is a right Reprobate, I'll warrant you.

Footp. I believe if all you were to be hang'd (which I hope may be in good time) you'd not be very merry.

2 Woman. No, we'l see you hang'd first : Lord, what a down look he has !

1 Woman. Ay, and what a Cloud in his Forehead ! Goody Twattle mark that.

2 Woman. Ay, and such frowning wrinkles too, I warrant you, not so much as a smile from him.

Footp. Smile, quoth she ? though 'tis sport for you, 'tis none for me I assure you.

1 Woman. Ay, but 'tis so long before you're hang'd.

Footp. I wish it longer, good Woman.

1 Man. Prethee Mr. Thief, let this be a warning to you for ever doing the like again.

Footp. I promise you it shall.

2 Woman. That's well, thank you with all my heart, Law, that was spoken like a precious godly man, now.

1 Woman. By my truly, methinks now he is a very proper man, as one shall see in a Summers day.

Footp. Ay, so are all that are hang'd, the Gallows adds a great deal of grace to ones person.

2 Woman. I vow he is a lovely man, 'tis pity he should be taken away, as they say, in the flower of his age.

1 Woman. Happy are we that die in our beds, my Master.

Footp. We that are hang'd go a nearer way by twenty or thirty years : pray try, my Masters, and I'll follow, I had rather be Epilogue than Prologue to this Tragi-Comedy ; I see you have no mind to go to Heaven yet for all your pretended zeal, you would still live in this vale of misery and transitory peregrinations ; but if any be ambitious to be exalted, I'll render him my place.

2 Man. No, no, thank you, Sir, 'tis well as 'tis.

Footp. To see the villany of man, to joy in one another's miseries more than in their seven deadly sins.

Officer. Come dispatch, what a pox shall we stay all day, and neglect our business to hang one Thief ?

2 Offic. Pray be hang'd quickly, Sir, for I am to go to a Fayr just by.

1 Offic. And I am to meet some friends to drink out a stand of Ale by and by, I must have you hang'd quickly, my friends will stay on me.

1 Wom. Nay, pray let him speak and die like a Christian.

2 Wom.

2 *Wom.* Oh I have heard brave Speeches at this place before.

1 *Man.* Ay, and I have heard 'em sing melodiously here, like Nightingals I vow.

Footp. Well, good people, if I may be bold to call you so, this Pulpit was not of my chusing, I shall shortly preach mortality to you without speaking; therefore pray take example by me, and then I know what will become of ye, shortly I will set a Death's head before ye, to put you in mind of your ends, *Memento mori.*

1 *Man.* Oh he speaks rarely.

2 *Man.* Ay, and he's a Scholar; and does Latine it.

Footp. I will be, I say, your *memento mori*, hoping you will all follow me: I have been too covetous, and at last taken for't, and am very sorry for't; I have been a great sinner, and condemn'd for it, which grieves me not a little, that I made not my escape, and so I heartily repent it, and so I die with this true Confession.

1 *Wom. weep.*] Mercy on him, for a better man was never hang'd.

2 *Wom.* So true and hearty repentance, and so pious!

2 *Man.* Help him up higher on the Ladder: now you are above us all.

Footp. Truly I desire you were all equal with me, I have no pride in this world.

1 *Man.* Will not you sing, Sir, before you're hang'd?

Footp. No I thank you, I am not so merrily disposed, Sir.

Hangman. Come, are you ready?

Footp. Yes, I have been preparing for you these many years.

1 *Wom.* Mercy on him, and save his better part.

2 *Wom.* Oh to stop so sweet a Pipe!

1 *Wom.* You see what we must all come to.

1 *Fell.* I, that's certain.

[A *Post* windes his Horn, and comes with a Reprieve.

Post. Hold, hold.

Offic. What's the matter?

Post. Here's a Reprieve from his Majesty.

Offic.

Offic. A Reprieve! how came that?

Post. My Lady *Haughty* procur'd it by her Brothers means, and he shall have his Pardon.

Footp. Say you so, Sir? Thank you with all my heart, it came in the nick, Sir, thank my Lady, for truly, Sir, she has obliged me very much in it.

1 *Man.* Pish, what must he not be hang'd now?

2 *Man.* What did we come all this way for this?

1 *Wom.* Take all this pains to see nothing!

Footp. Very pious good people, I shall show you no sport to day.

Post. My Lady desires he may be brought to her house hard by.

Footp. I will always say while I live, that her Ladiship's a civil person.

Offic. Come along.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Lady, Justice, Codshead, and Crambo.

Lady. Come, Mr. *Crambo*, have you thought of any pretty Entertainment for us?

Cramb. I have done the main part of it.

Lady. What is that?

Cramb. Why, Madam, the Dance and the Show, that's the first thing we Heroicks think on when we write.

Lady. Pray let's have that in the mean time.

Cramb. That you shall, Madam, they have been practising now, and are just ready, strike up Musick.

[*A Mimick Dance of Masqueraders in different odd Habits.*]

Lady. Thank you, Mr. *Crambo*. This Dance is very well written indeed, as fine a pen'd Dance as can be: I'll go see what's become of my Cousin and the Colonel; I'll wait upon you presently.

[*Exit Lady.*]

Enter Sir John and Nan masked.

Sir John. Come faith, Madam, discover your self now you are my Wife, that we may be rid of these Coxcombs, poor sneaking Fools.

Just.

Just. How now, Sir *John*, what Lady is that?

Sir John. You may go home again, you may go, Gentlemen.

Codsb. Why, what's the matter?

Sir John. What's the matter? my Lady has engaged herself to me, we will make them welcome now and then at our house, though, Madam, they are good honest Gentlemen, fa, la, fa, la.

Codsb. What do you mean? what Lady do you speak of?

Sir John. None but the Lady of the House, Sir, that's all.

Just. She the Lady of the House!

Sir John. What a Devil! do I see my Lady's Ghost there? I have got my Lady.

Enter Lady Haughty, Col. Isabella, and the Servants.

Nan. No, Sir, you have not, I will not counterfeit her person any longer.

Sir John. Hah, hah, what's this?

Nan. Even so, Sir.

Sir John. Death and Hell, Furies, Devil, Damnation, Murder.

Just. Well, Sir, we will come and visit you at your House.

Sir John. Death, I'll cut all your throats, you Rascals.

[*Draws.*]

Lady. Hold, Sir *John*, let me speak with you, be not so passionate, she whom you have married, is a better Gentlewoman than you are a Gentleman; her Father was a Gentleman, your's an Ironmonger at London; her's was ruin'd by Loyalty, as your's was raised by Rebellion.

Sir John. Is she such a Gentlewoman?

Lady. Besides, to my knowledge she was extremely in Love with you; this, with the consideration that it cannot be undone, may appease your choler.

Sir John. Ay, but now I have lost all hopes of your Ladyship.

Lady. There's nothing lost, for I will never marry any man; you shall presently hear my solemn resolutions.

Sir

Sir John. Nay then I am contented, I never had a Woman in love with me before.

Lady. Now, Colonel, I wish you Joy with my Cousin, the money shall be paid when you will for the redemption of your Estate.

Cramb. Death, have I lost my *Cloris*? I am undone, I shall have my Spleen again.

Col. You're a noble Lady, and I have a Sword and Arm at your service; always and Madam *Isabella*, who are my lawful Wife, you shall find I will behave my self like a Gentleman, and like a Man of Honour.

Isab. I do not doubt it, I had heard that Character of you, or I had not ventur'd on you.

Col. Da God, Madam, I love and honour you, and will do as long as I live, and there's an end on't.

Lady. Call all my Servants and the new-married Couples in.

Enter all Servants, &c.

Just. Now, Madam, since you have disposed of those Gentlemen, I hope you have reserv'd your self for me.

Lady. I assure you I have not, nor will I ever marry you; examine your age, and you will find you are not in such great need of a Wife, as you think.

Just. *Operam & oleum perdidit*, as the Latines have it.

Codsh. I find, Madam, you have disposed of yon two, and denied the Justice, which makes me apt to believe you intend me the honour of being your Husband.

Lady. Never, Sir, upon my word; since I have refus'd Gentlemen of the best Fortunes, the best bred men, and the wittiest men of *England*, why should you imagine I would marry you?

Codsh. Nay, God take me I can't tell, Madam.

Lady. Nor I, Sir, I assure you.

Codsh. Then there's an end on't, there no more to be said.

Enter

Enter Footpad with Officers.

Nan. Madam, here's the Prisoner that was to be hang'd.

Lady. So, Sir, I hope this warning will make you leave off stealing, and live honest.

Footp. If it be possible to break an ill habit, I will, Madam, I give your Ladiship a thousand thanks ; for as the case stood, you could not have done me a greater courtesie.

Col. Is your Ladiship resolved never to marry ?

Lady. No, because this Age affords not such a man as I would have.

Col. What man would you have ?

Lady. I am resolved never to marry,

*Till I can find a man of noble blood,
With Vertues greater than his Pedigree,
One that fears nothing but to do a wrong,
Remembring every thing but injuries ;
Who has courage beyond the Lion in his pride,
Yet hides that courage in his gentle breast :
That's just for Justice sake, and one that weighs
All things in Judgment's balance with clear sight,
Can hit the mark of men and business :
That prudently foresees from what is past
With Wit equal to all the Roman Poets,
With Fancy quick and sharp, yet not offensive :
His Discourse clear and short, and what's his own,
Easie and natural on all occasions :
Of Nature excellent, a melting Soul,
Ready still to oblige all Mankind, were it in his power.*

-This is the Man I would enjoy.

O

Col.

Col. When do you think to find such a man? God take me, I'de not be such a man for such a Widow.

Lady. Nor I neither, I desire to be a Politician and a States-man, for nothing but that I may have power to do wrong, there is such pleasure in it.

*Till such a man I find I'll sit alone,
And triumph in the liberty I owne :
I ne're will wear a matrimonial Chain,
But safe and quiet in this Throne remain,
And absolute Monarch o're my self will raigñ* }

F I N I S.

Epilogue by Footpad.

Worthy Spectators, though I was a Rogue,
I here presume to speak the Epilogue.
For my offences I was doom'd to day,
But in the nick found mercy in our Play.
Now I am clear, no punishment is due
To me, except fresh Crimes I act anew.
If you are pleas'd, let me by you be freed,
Or I shall wish that I were hang'd indeed.

Epilogue by Lady Haughty.

Tis not the Poet with celestial fire,
Nor all the Muses that can him inspire
To write well, 'tis in you the power is had,
'Tis as you make it either good or bad;
But he in hopes of your kind Judgment stands,
Which he would have confirm'd by all your hands.

Photograph by H. J. ...

W. J. ...

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